ANNUAL GUIDE TO RELIGIOUS BOOKS

Saturday Review of Literature

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Elizabeth Bowen, author of "The Heat of the Day." (See page 9)

The Daily Disaster Diet

By H. A. OVERSTREET

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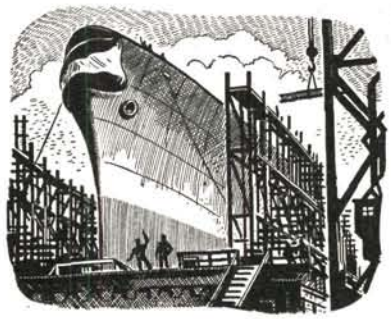

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February 19, 1949

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N INTERESTING sidelight on the manufacturing of the New Oxford Illustrated Dickens series is the story behind the illustrations. Dickens had been very fussy about the designs of his artists and he appears to have given his personal approval to all the art work that appeared in the original issues of his works. But because the photo-engraving process was not known at the time, when plates wore out it became necessary to re-engrave. Since reproductive engravers were frequently inexact copyists, variations often crept into the illustrations and the pictures tended to become coarsened in design and to lose their wealth of wonderfully precise detail. Indeed, the plates from Oxford's earlier editions of Dickens had become so worn by dint of constant reprinting that the need for a complete resetting became apparent several years ago. Rather than make new engravings of imperfect copies, it was decided to return to the original designs as approved by the author and the artists. Therefore, photographs were made of the illustrations from the best existing first editions of Dickens's works, and plates, in turn, were made from these.

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TRADE Winds

ALMOST ALL of the trade publishers' spring catalogues are now at hand, and it's possible to draw up a schedule of books that are reasonably certain to dominate the best-seller lists for the coming season. A couple of dark horses always pop up to confound the experts, of course (note, for example, how the virtually unheralded "Seven Storey Mountain," by Thomas Merton, has surged to the fore), but a majority of the top runners can be tabbed far in advance.

The publishers probably will appropriate their biggest advertising campaigns to the following:

Appleton-Century-Crofts: "With a Feather on My Nose," by Billie Burke and Cameron Shipp; "Mirage," by Helen Topping Miller; "Prehistoric Man: The Great Adventurer," by Charles R. Knight.

Bobbs-Merrill: "The Wrath and the Wind," by Alexander Key; "Russia's Race for Asia," by George Creel.

Coward-McCann: "All Sorts and Kinds," by Chistopher La Farge; "Law and the Modern Mind," by Jerome Frank.

Creative Age: "Victory in My Hands," by Harold Russell; "Watch the Northwind Rise," by Robert Graves.

Crowell: "Labor in America," by Foster Rhea Dulles; "Come Clean, My Love," by Rosemary Taylor.

Crown: "Peace, My Daughters," by Shirley Baker; "The Slender Reed," by H. H. Lynde.

John Day: "Kinfolk," by Pearl S. Buck; "Confucius," by H. G. Creel.

Dial: "Pride's Castle," by Frank Yerby; "Why Jesus Died," by Pierre van Paassen.

Dodd, Mead: "Sixteen Self Sketches," by Bernard Shaw.

Doubleday: "Cutlass Empire," by F. Van Wyck Mason; "I Wanted to Write," by Kenneth Roberts; "The Chain," by Paul I. Wellman.

Duell, Sloan & Pearce: "High Jungle," by William Beebe; "Genius and Mobocracy," by Frank Lloyd Wright.

E. P. Dutton: "The Husband," by Natalie Anderson Scott; "Over the Reefs and Far Away," by Robert Gibbings.

Farrar, Straus: "The Devil's Own Dear Son," by James Branch Cabell; "Goethe: the Story of a Man," by Ludwig Lewisohn.

Harcourt, Brace: "Notes Towards the Definition of Culture," by T. S. Eliot; "The Pilgrimage of Western Man," by Stringfellow Barr.

Harper: "The Great Pierpont Morgan," by Frederick Lewis Allen; "Behind the Curtain," by John Gunther; "Global Mission," by Gen. H. H. Arnold.

Holt: "Another Sun, Another Home," by Rupert Croft-Cooke; "To Hell and Back," by Audie Murphy.

Houghton Mifflin: "Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill; "The Vital Center," by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.; "The Eagle in the Egg," by Oliver La Farge.

Knopf: "Prairie Avenue," by Arthur Meeker; "The Pollsters," by Lindsay Rogers.

Lippincott: "Rogue's March," by Maristan Chapman,

Little, Brown: "Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand; "The Journey of Simon McKeever," by Albert Maltz.

Longmans, Green: "Four Favorites," by D. B. Wyndham Lewis.

Macmillan: "Double Muscadine," by Frances Gaither; "The River Line," by Charles Morgan; "Alfred Tennyson," by Charles Tennyson.

Messner: "The Hero," by Millard Lampell; "The Beloved Woman," by Nancy Bruff.

Morrow: "And One to Grow On," by John Gould; "Male and Female," by Margaret Mead.

Norton: "An Outline of Psychoanalysis," by Sigmund Freud; "A Summer's Tale," by Gerald Warner Brace.

Oxford University Press: "World in Transition," by G. D. H. Cole; "A History of Palestine," by James Parkes.

Pantheon: "Sketch for a Self-Portrait," by Bernard Berenson; "Education Through Art," by Herbert Read.

Pellegrini & Cudahy: "Descent Into Hell," by Charles Williams; "Looking at the Dance," by Edwin Denby.

Prentice-Hall: "Celeste," by Rosamond Marshall.

Putnam's: "The Cleveland Indians," by Franklin A. Lewis; "Challenging Years," by Stephen Wise.

Random House: "The God-Seeker," by Sinclair Lewis; "Lead, Kindly Light," by Vincent Sheean; "The Track of the Cat," by Walter Van Tilburg Clark.

Rinehart: "Opus 21," by Philip Wylie; "Last Operas and Plays," by Gertrude Stein.

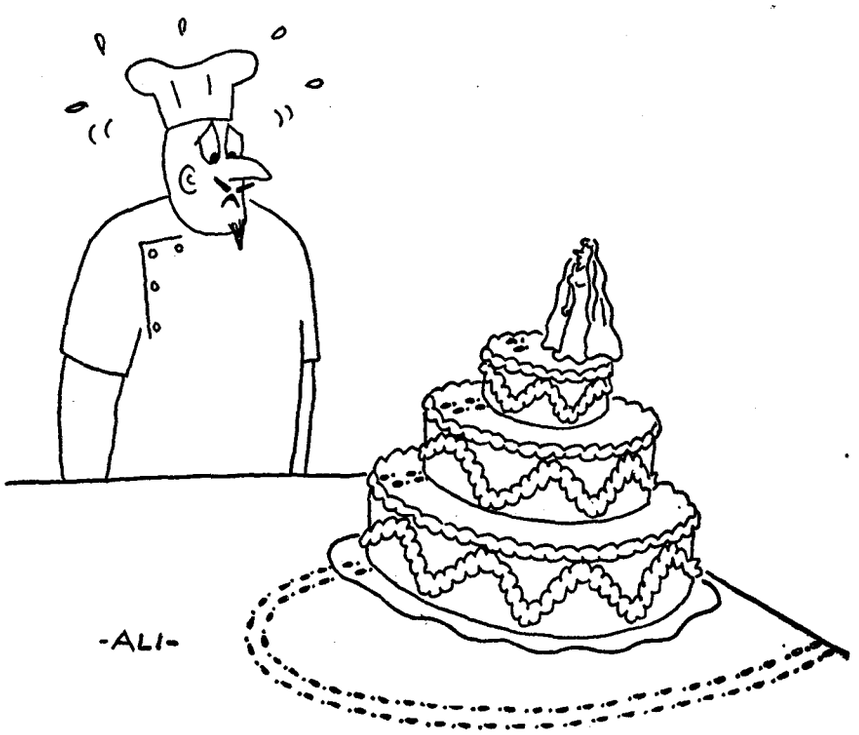
Scribner's: "The Hungry Generation," by Taylor Caldwell; "The Gold Rush Album," edited by Joseph Henry Jackson; "The Christmas Tree," by Isabel Bolton.

Simon & Schuster: "Father of the Bride," by Edward Streeter; "Peace Through Air Power," by Alexander P. de Seversky; "India: Halfway to Freedom," by Margaret Bourke-White.

Sloane: "Stalin & Co.," by Walter Duranty; "Nathaniel Hawthorne," by Mark Van Doren.

Vanguard: "The Road Between," by James T. Farrell; "Days with Bernard Shaw," by Stephen Winsten.

Viking: "Beau James: The Life and Times of Jimmy Walker," by Gene Fowler; "Cream Hill," by Lewis Gan-



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nett; "The Big Secret," by Merle Colby.

Whittlesey: "His Human Majesty," by Kay Boyle; "Peace of Soul," by Fulton J. Sheen.

Ziff-Davis: "Memoirs of Alfred Rosenberg"; "Alexander in Babylon," by Jakob Wasserman.

PUBLISHERS' CATALOGUES aren't the elaborate affairs they used to be. There was a period in the easy-come, easy-go days when they began to look like souvenir programs of a world's fair, with as much as two pages per book devoted to a photograph of the author (retouched), reproduction of the jacket (replaced before publication), and a cliché-laden description written by a drone in the publicity department three weeks before anybody in the office had so much as seen a manuscript. Then it was discovered that nobody wanted catalogues like that—least of all the book dealers for whom they were intended. Phrases like "spread on a broad canvas," "will be ranked with the greatest of Dostoievsky (or Mark Twain or Dickens)," "the promise of his previous novels is fulfilled at last," and "it mounts with breath-taking speed to a climax of almost unbearable intensity," made dealers guy—not buy, and were dropped by all but the dullest of publishers. Favored today are simply printed circulars that can be filed easily for reference, and that give such bare essentials as title, author, locale, and kind of story, price and publication date, and the market for which each book is intended. . . . If you are interested in receiving catalogues from publishers, a postcard to any one of them will bring immediate results. . . .

FOOTNOTES ON AUTHORS referred to above: James Branch Cabell has supplied both a title and an introduction to a collection of fifteen fantastic tales by Nelson Bond, scheduled by the Gnome Press, 421 Claremont Parkway, New York 57. The title is "The Thirty-first of February." Cabell explains that it was to have named a chapter in "The Witch Woman," a chronicle of Poictesme which he has abandoned permanently. . . . Joseph Henry Jackson declares that eight successive books about life in old San Francisco have mentioned the sign that read, "This street is not passable. It is not even jackassable." How many of the eight also carried introductions by Joseph Henry Jackson, deponent sayeth not. . . . Thomas Merton, the Seven Storey man, was an editor of Columbia's humorous magazine, the *Jester*, before he joined a Trappist monastery and confounded such other alumni of *Jester* as Irwin

David Davidson

author of **THE STEEPER CLIFF**

has done it again in

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➡ **"THE HOUR OF TRUTH** is all the things you would expect and hope for from the author of *The Steeper Cliff:* (1) a sensitive study of the eternal human problems of courage and moral values, (2) a dramatic illumination of the 'world picture' in this fifth decade of the twentieth century, pointing a path through the maze of cold-war politics that could be followed with profit by foreign ministers and worried citizens the world over, and (3) an intensely readable story."

—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS

➡ **"THE HOUR OF TRUTH** is immensely readable, continuously interesting, smoothly, competently done. And it looks upon men and women as responsible human beings, not only as masses of neuroses and nervous reflexes, human beings to whom ethics and spiritual integrity are all important. This sardonic account of incompetent 'tropical tramps' trying to bring a new life to a backward hell-hole is racy, briskly amusing, stamped with authentic atmosphere."—NEW YORK TIMES

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—SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

➡ "Davidson creates atmosphere as completely as he establishes character, and his novel is successful from every standpoint. He writes brilliantly, whether he is evoking a mood, etching a scene, or making a sage observation. He has a gift for the vivid and meaningful phrase."—PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

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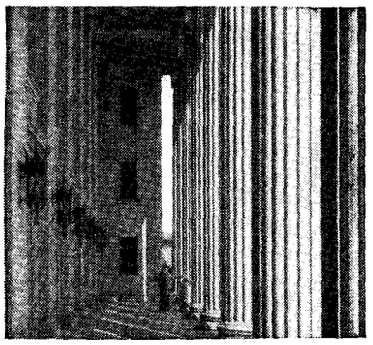
Samuel Johnson



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Edman, Freddie Schang, Morrie Ryskind, George Macy, Corey Ford, Ted Shane, R. J. Holmgren, and the undersigned. . . . The 1948 *Jester* editor, incidentally, Mr. Ronald Deutsch, who perpetrated a nationally-acclaimed parody of *Life*, has retired to write a dog story, conceivably inspired by "Gentleman's Agreement." It is called "I Was a Foxterrier for Three Days." *Jester*'s current pilots, Bernard Shir-Cliff, Vincent Carrozza, and Bill Parish, are slaving on a take-off of *Reader's Digest*, due in April. . . .

IN ADDITION TO TITLES already announced, several important books are completed, or almost completed, for unveiling in the fall. John O'Hara is putting the finishing touches to his first novel in ten years. It will be called "A Rage to Live." John Hersey's second novel ("A Bell for Adano" was his first and only one to date) will have the Warsaw ghetto for a background. Somerset Maugham, who just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, has delivered his notebooks and diaries to Doubleday, who will publish them exactly as written. Budd Schulberg is working on "The Disenchanted," whose hero, according to rumor, is modeled on the late F. Scott Fitzgerald. Noel Coward is on the last chapters of a sequel to "Present Indicative." John Steinbeck is holed up in a California shack working on a major novel. Henry Morton Robinson's successor to "The Big Snow" will be a tale of high church politics called "The Cardinal." Ayn Rand, of "Fountainhead" fame, is at work on the story of an inventor and a high-powered lady executive. Merle Miller's next will be about a State Department employee in post-war Washington. A. B. Guthrie's successor to "The Big Sky" will be a novel of the Oregon trail. Three top generals, "Hap" Arnold, Bedell Smith, and De Gaulle are banging out memoirs and so is Whittaker Chambers. And Scribner's Whitney Darrow, patient and silent as is his wont, still has a light burning in his window for that long-delayed manuscript by Ernest Hemingway. . . .

NEW-YORK-IS-LIKE-THAT DEPARTMENT: At a recent tenants' indignation meeting, angry Tommy Burns, of Doubleday, and angry Saxe Commins, of Random House, discovered they had been receiving the same inadequate service in adjoining apartments—without meeting once—for over five years! . . . And further downtown, Publisher Alfred Knopf was reported to be concentrating on effecting a change of spelling for 1948. He wants them to call it the Knobel Award.

—Bennett Cerf.

DID YOU MISS ANY OF THESE OUTSTANDING *SRL* ISSUES or WOULD YOU LIKE EXTRA COPIES TO SEND TO FRIENDS?

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1949

Jan. 8—"Books, Beds and Bromides," by Edwin Fuller
Jan. 29—"The Hostile Necessity," by Maxwell Geismar

1948

Jan. 17—"The 'Little Men' of Literature," by Ben Lucien Burman
Jan. 24—"The Return of Henry James," by Henry Seidel Canby
Feb. 7—"Something of My Life," by Thomas Wolfe
Feb. 21—"The Vultures of Peace," by Howard Mumford Jones
Mar. 13—"Four Experts Examine the Kinsey Report"
Apr. 10—"Can Metaphysics Save the World," by Dixon Wecter
May 22—"Joseph Conrad: An Enigma Decoded," by Louis J. Halle, Jr.
May 29—"The Comics... Very Funny!" by Dr. Frederic Wertham
June 26—"Kindling for Global Gehenna," by Lewis Mumford
Aug. 7—"Don't Resign from the Human Race," an editorial by Norman Cousins
Aug. 14—"Newspapers and the Prophet Motive," by Herbert Brucker
Sept. 11—"Prowling for College Presidents," by Dixon Wecter
Oct. 9—"An Apology for Living," an article by Norman Cousins
Oct. 16—"Fiction's Fourth Dimension," by Ben Ames Williams
Oct. 23—"Roosevelt and Hopkins," an essay review of *SRL*'s "Book of the Year," by Elmer Davis
Oct. 30—"The Scientific Production of Love," by John F. Wharton
Dec. 4 & 11—"The Destruction of Science in the USSR" and "Back to Barbarism-Scientifically," by Professor H. J. Muller
Dec. 18—"Dinner for 26 in Berlin," an article by Norman Cousins
Dec. 25—"Are Families Passe," by Ruth Benedict

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A limited supply of these notable issues is available at the regular newsstand price of 15¢ per copy. Orders should be addressed to

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Daily Disaster Diet

H. A. OVERSTREET

H. A. Overstreet

LYING on the desk before me as I write is a copy of this morning's edition of a leading San Francisco newspaper. "Tyrone, Linda Wed as Police Fight Mobs," screams one of the headlines. "Gambling Clean-up Balked in San Mateo," runs another. "Key Suspect in Red Ring Seized by FBI" . . . "Dixiecrats Would Send Negroes North" . . . "Tulsa Group Stands Pat—Tenant Ousters to Continue" . . . "President Assails Rent Control Revolt" . . . "Taxi Drivers Vote to Continue Strike." The major portion of the first page is taken up with news of life that has run off its track!

The smaller—very much smaller—portion of that same first page contains items of life proceeding more normally: "More Cold Forecast" . . . "Cost of Living Down for Third Month" . . . "Self-Service Gas Hearing Ordered" . . . "Muni [Municipal] Railroad Receipts Jump on First Day of New Fare." It is conflict and catastrophe that are chiefly in the headlines.

On the day that untouchability was outlawed in India, a prominent morning newspaper featured on its first page in spread-eagle headlines and with columns of detail a murder that had been in the forefront of the news for a number of days. On that same first page, the outlawing of untouchability was presented as a small box item about two inches square. Here again catastrophe was emphasized and the humanly constructive played down.

During the General Motors strike several years ago I was asked to sit with a number of other citizens on a committee to listen to a transcript of the negotiations between General Motors and UAW-CIO. After our committee had heard the full transcript, we asked Walter Reuther and a representative of General Motors to help clarify for us a number of points. Reuther was at the moment attending a convention of his union in a distant city; but he immediately flew to Detroit and gave the committee an hour or more of his time. Then he left to fly back to his convention. The reporters naturally flocked around him and asked the reason for his swift coming and going. He explained to them the request of the committee and told them of his session with us. Nonetheless, within a few hours one of the prominent dailies flared forth in a headline: "Reuther Mystery Flight Halts Talks." Thus were Detroit readers made to feel that something ominous and devious was impending.

The newspapers do this because they have discovered that most people most of the time are interested in some form of catastrophe: a plane crash, a railroad wreck, a murder, a flood, a scandal, a fight of some sort. Planes that fly safely, trains that reach their destination, individuals who live together without murdering each other, rivers that stay within their banks, and men and nations that transact their affairs and resolve their differences without fighting are not news. Not one of these would yank a man out of his own preoccupations as he passed a newsstand. Not one of them would make him prop up his paper at the breakfast table and become absorbed in reading, to the neglect of his family. In order to induce that same breakfaster to buy a second paper in the afternoon or evening—or, if possible, even a third—headlines must again shrill the unusual and the catastrophic.

—*From "Art in Federal Buildings."*

"Printing in Springfield, Ohio."

NEWS, in short, must be as different as possible from the average daily routine; for otherwise it will not pull the mind of man out of that routine. The mind of man is, of course, capable of escaping routine through an intensification of awareness; through a deepened sense of values; through becoming sensitized to the subsurface drama of life. But this type of escape cannot be reduced to a formula. It requires the growth of the individual toward the unique fulfilment of his powers. It is not only useless, therefore, but actually detrimental, so far as mass production of news is concerned. The newspaper formula calls for the constant playing up of the only "escape-from-routine" news that has mass appeal—news about some event sufficiently out of the ordinary to give people a thrill without requiring that they have any unusual sensitivity or subtlety of insight.

Between accounts of catastrophe, newspapers do carry a good many items that lie outside the formula and that have their own constant appeal because of certain sustained human interests: weather reports, stock-market reports, household suggestions, real-estate news, educational, religious, and scientific news, and so on. But the primary appeal of a news-

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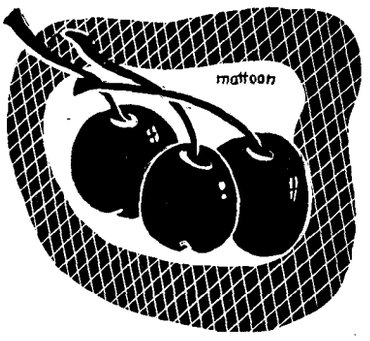
paper is the news it brings of happenings that bode ill to someone. Most political news is cast as "fight" news. Most foreign news is similarly cast. Most domestic news that makes the headlines is catastrophic news: someone has been killed, robbed, or assaulted; someone has called a strike; someone has been putting over a raw deal; someone has been arrested; some criminal has escaped; someone is denouncing someone.

Newspapers, in short, have developed what might be called *a vested interest in catastrophe.*

This point of view has a profound effect upon our becoming mature human beings. It means that day by day, year in and year out, all of us, young and old, are being moved to accept a one-sided, distorted view of life. We get life in its hostile and catastrophic patterns more often than in its friendly and constructive patterns. Ours is a culture in which newspapers have influenced most people, from their childhood on, to suppose that "eventfulness" is mostly conflict and catastrophe.

To take one example, our "public opinion" in regard to the world situation is chiefly shaped by what we read in the newspapers. If what we read is consistently and s h a r p l y slanted away from the constructive and peace-seeking activities of men and nations to those that are destructive and belligerent, the opinion we form will be not only one-sided and often erroneous, but will be fraught with terrible danger to our own future and that of mankind. Our own "hostility potential" will be raised. Our attitudes toward peace-seeking activities will be skeptical and pessimistic. We will be wary and quick to suspect someone of trying to put something over on us. Our major emotional readiness will be for belligerent action—or for such belligerent verbalizing as makes peaceful action more difficult to achieve. Our pride will tingle more when our nation "tells off" another nation than when we effect a mutual agreement with that nation. When we lay our nickels and dimes on the line for our daily dose of vicarious catastrophe and conflict, it is almost as though we were paying the newspapers for getting us ready to commit suicide.

A striking example of the power of the newspapers' formula occurred at the time of the formation of the United Nations in San Francisco. It will be remembered that the State Department had ventured a remarkable innovation: it had invited the leading non-partisan voluntary associations of the country to send representatives to the conference to serve as "consultants." These consultants



were privileged to sit in on all major sessions; to confer among themselves about moot problems; to meet with various experts and put their questions and suggestions to these experts; to make recommendations to the appropriate bodies; and, last but not least, to send regular reports back to their organizations. Before long, as it was reported to me, anxious letters began coming to them from members back home. "We don't understand," these letters said in effect. "You keep sending us word that everything is going well and that a world organization will surely be formed; but our newspapers keep telling us that fights and disagreements among the delegates are so constant that there is little hope of success for the conference. Are you sure you know the score? We don't want to be fed on false hope."

The situation was a typical one. Newspapers, with their vested interest in catastrophe, were playing up every cross word spoken; magnifying every squabble of orators until it seemed a major crisis.

In one vital respect, however, the situation was atypical. Normally, we of the public have no representatives on hand to give a picture different from the one the newspapers give; at San Francisco we had such representatives—the consultants. As worried letters kept coming from the home people, these consultants, I am told, went to the correspondents and asked why they were persistently trying to make the conference appear to be a failure. Actually, of course, the correspondents—as individuals and as citizens—did not want it to fail. But *as correspondents* they wanted news that would make the old "formula" appeal. Called to account by the consultants — w h o represented, through their combined organizations, a significant slice of the reading public—the newspapers were persuaded to believe that even good news might be rated as news. A gradual change became evident in the reporting of the conference.

At the time I write we are in the midst of a cold war. Newspapers are ominous with reports of the apparently irreconcilable quarrels of diplomats. Every day Russia and America seem to be at the point of exploding into the most terrible of all wars. How much of this is a distorted reporting of the actual situation? How much is a deliberate selecting out of the catastrophic and near-catastrophic to the exclusion of what is constructive and hopeful?

The average person is in no position to know. He is at the mercy of newspapers that have found it highly profitable to excite him with headlines of near-disaster. So day after day the average person reads what is in all likelihood a distorted, or at least a disproportioned, account of the international situation.

This may be good business for the newspapers but it is bad business for the maturing of the human mind. It is bad business for the development among men of a rational wish to understand one another across national boundaries and to cooperate in the enterprise of living together.

The situation is equally bad within domestic boundaries. It is the fights of labor and management that are highlighted in the newspapers, not the many efforts to work out a living relationship. Reading, day in and day out, of strikes and threats of strikes, of accusations and recriminations, the average person sees the whole industrial enterprise as in the fight image. Whether he belongs to the side of labor or of management, his hostility toward the side he opposes is given its daily work-out. He comes to think in terms of beating down and overcoming rather than of reasonable give and take. Thus even before any controversy arises that affects him personally, he has a mind conditioned to expect conflict. Life may not yet be for him a "tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing," but it is at least a tale of an industrial world

Swept with confused alarms of struggle and fight
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Politics, when it is newspaper-reported, is chiefly a fight. One party-partisan is belaboring another partisan. One party-partisan wins while the other loses. What happens, as a result, to the civic education of the average citizen is obvious. If he "goes into politics," he is likely to go not with a mind geared to the service of the common good but all set for beating the other party. If he does not go into politics, he is nevertheless as likely as not to be proud of belonging to one party and detesting the other. In either event, he remains on the immature level of a mind that sees the great enterprise of politics as

(*Continued on page* 26)

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Fiction. *Three of the leading reviews this week are essentially novels in which dramatic conflict emerges from the development of character rather than from external situation. Elizabeth Bowen's "The Heat of the Day" and Storm Jameson's "The Moment of Truth" are centered in the political dilemma of one day. The first deals also with Miss Jameson's favorite subject, the traitor in our midst. In the second, Russia has conquered all Europe and eleven people are waiting to escape from a remote British airport in a plane that will only hold five passengers. In Frederic Wakeman's "The Wastrel" a man rebuilds his shattered ego during a single night of terrifying suspense. For relief, the reader should turn to Jerome Weidman's story of the conflict for ownership of a newspaper syndicate and William McFee's love story.*

Love for a Traitor

THE HEAT OF THE DAY. By Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. 372 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GLENWAY WESCOTT

THIS is an admirable novel, which it is gratifying to have offered to the reading public under that kind of commercial auspice—it is a Literary Guild selection—which, in this country at present, best guarantees success. It is the story of a widowed woman of more than ordinary beauty and goodness, and of a man of strong but wrongly developed character: each is the great love of the other's life, but the war is raging and he is a traitor and she cannot excuse him or save him. And of another man who attaches himself to her, a patriot and indeed by specific employment in the war a counter-traitor: he tries to coerce her to love him, but by nature or by fate he is unlovable. And of a boy in uniform, her dear son, coming into his inheritances, first unexpected ancestral property in Ireland, then gradually the difficult lesson of her life and the other elder lives.

Also notable, in the foreground, a wonderful pair of female clowns, Louie and Connie—the one young and so to speak subnormal, the other oldish and mannish—pathetic and problematical as is all our clowning nowadays, in the century of the common humanity. And in the middle distance, in several scenes of brilliant and chilling comedy, two detestable women: exactly the kind of mother and daughter who would have a traitor son, a traitor brother. And in the background, an old lady who is Hamlet-like, sane and pretending to be insane or possibly vice versa; and some supernumeraries not to be forgotten.

Miss Bowen has great mastery of characterization; and though she somewhat elaborates, she works so quickly and quietly—and femininely, as with her fingertips—that nothing of the mystery of character is lost in the presentation, nothing is revealed prematurely. As she brings life to the surface it does not result in superficiality. In very few pages the reader is enabled to say that, yes, he knows these people, they are of consequence to him; but almost to the last chapter he is obliged to admit that, no, he does not understand them, not yet. Neither do these people understand one another, not until they have lived through all the circumstances of the book.

Thus our experience of the narration as a whole as we read it, our position relative to the narrated persons, is much the same as the relationship they have with one another: a gradual intimacy more and more intensely troubled, more and more fraught with emotion and with opinion. The suspense is in this as well as the plot. It is like watching a daybreak, a daybreak lasting months and months for them, six or seven hours for us. Page by page the strangeness of everyone and everything progressively lightens, but there is always some left. Miss Bowen never rationalizes too much. She does not indulge in optimism; yet on the other hand she seems not at all subject to any of the defeatist philosophies in fashion now, existentialism and reactionary neo-Catholicism and so on. Her thought is no more cut and dry than her style.

Even at the very end of the book, in the unmasking and the melodrama, she keeps and respects the essential element of the obscurity she has led

THE AUTHOR: In 1600-something a Colonel Bowen in Cromwell's army was granted a parcel of land in County Cork, Ireland. To Dublin-born Elizabeth Bowen the Italianate villa built there in 1775 has been both totem and summer retreat from her London home —one of the famous Nash, Regency Park, Terraces. The book "Bowen's Court" is a history of the ancestral manse and Erin as well, but, she says, "I would not have missed being in London throughout the war for anything. I was writing continuously—the only interruption being the necessity to clean up my house from time to time when it had been blasted. Nobody who has not cleaned up a house in which every ceiling has come down and every window has been blown in knows what cleaning-up can be like!" "The Heat of the Day" was sandwiched between days with the Ministry of Information and nights as air-raid warden. The war's relation to the novel is like a painting of "one of the Dutch interiors where, although there are central figures, the character of the whole picture comes as much from the background as from the figures themselves." In her teens she wanted to be an artist: "But, actually, my powers of drawing stopped short when I was about fourteen." Encouraged to write at school in England, she started shyly aged nineteen with poetry. Her first book, "Encounters," came out when she was twenty-three. Now more than a quarter of a century later, she has had five additional collections of short stories published, six novels (including "To the North," "The House in Paris," and "The Death of the Heart"), as well as the autobiographical 'Seven Winters." She has done scripts for BBC, articles for *The New Statesman, The Listener, Vogue, Harper's Bazaar*, and, since 1941, a weekly book page for *The Tatler*. "I do not really consider myself a critic," she protests. "I do not think, really, that a novelist *should* be a critic; but, by some sort of irrestible force, criticism seems to come almost every novelist's way." —R. G.

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us through—the soul, the subconscious, the unconscious (never does she give it these names)—as in the plainest daylight in reality something of the dead of night is ever present in places, a little here and a little there, shadows! Finally the lover's evil political mind is entirely clarified, lamentably clarified, and he kills himself or rather lets himself be killed by accident. But the character of the loving woman turns out to be extremely strong, her heart does not break; and surely this is the thrilling thing, the great mystery and important lesson.

Glenway Wescott is author of "The Grandmothers," "Apartment in Athens," and other works of fiction.

—Blackstone Studios, Inc.

"Even if Storm Jameson has a touch of Cassandra, she is still one of the best English novelists today."

Eleven People in Patriotic Dilemma

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH. By Storm Jameson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 179 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT HALSBAND

IN "The Moment of Truth" Storm Jameson continues her penetrating diagnosis of the European dilemma. But while she placed her earlier novels in the present or the recent past, she places this one in the future. During the lapse of time, which seems not more than a decade, the Russians have conquered all of Europe. From the very last outpost, an isolated airfield in the north of Britain, a plane will take off for America. At the airfield are stationed three flight officers, Marriot, Kent, and Kent's wife; and they had assumed that with their orderly they would be the passengers on the last plane. A command comes through that some others are to be transported instead. They soon arrive. Major General Thorburn and Brigadier Clarke with their orderly are humane members of the military caste, but Colonel Lackland is a martinet armed with implacable righteousness. Major Heron is a clever, successful writer whose snobbery and cowardice make him obnoxious to all except his wife, who accompanies him. Finally, there is Professor Breuner, the great physicist, who as a refugee from the Nazis has come to understand and love his adopted country. Eleven men and women are gathered, but the airplane can carry only five.

The suspense, instead of being melodramatic—who will be saved?—becomes one of involved subtlety in which each person must work out his "moment of truth." Should he flee to America, and from there wage war against the enemy, a war which would probably force him to drop bombs on his country and people? Or should he stay and bow to the conquerors, join the underground, and try to keep his ideals alive? Their choice is poignant because it lies in their own hands. That is only the main plot strand, for while it is being spun out a new, startling one develops. Marriot admits that he is a Communist, and that he intends to join and assist the conquerors, for whom he has already acquired a secret document. In the ebbing darkness, the group must decide on a course of justice toward him, and that far from simple problem is complicated by its time, place, and judges. Their decision, with its outcome, carries the story to its conclusion, when the rescue plane drops out of the radiant morning sky.

With no physical violence, and with a minimum of external action, the entire story is played out like a stage drama that observes the decorum of classical tragedy. In the single setting of the drab waiting room, in set scenes, various combinations of characters meet and talk. Miss Jameson brings them alive with an intensity derived from the most stringent economy of gesture, word, and thought. She sustains a taut interest by revealing only gradually their personalities and dilemmas, and by making their conflicts arise from a clash of attitudes which are intelligently and dramatically presented. Without using cant or slogans, she remembers that her characters are human; she does not make them pawns in an ideological chess game. In this she resembles Arthur Koestler, whose "Darkness at Noon" deals with similar problems, though in quite different circumstances. In spite of the political prophecy which makes her novel (composed a year ago) improbable, she is strikingly successful in her drama of people and their ideas.

In the human story, all the loose ends are neatly tied, except one. Breuner consistently refuses to depart and leave his wife because life without her is intolerable. At the end he silently changes his mind, and if we enter his thoughts earlier, why not then?

But these are insignificant objections to a book which as a piece of craftsmanship is superbly written, and as a discussion of ideas is brilliantly illuminating. Ten years ago, in "The Novel in Contemporary Life," Miss Jameson wrote, "The essential concern of the novel is with men and women *in their times.*" (Her italics.) Her own novel bears this out with unusual distinction. If, fortunately, the newspaper headlines bely the conquest of Europe in the terms she has foreseen, her prognostication may be considered merely a metaphor. Even if she has a touch of Cassandra, she is still one of the best English novelists practising the craft today.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 295

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 295 will be found in the next issue.

KCBQ FCBNB VM HQ VQAPIB-

FHG, FCB WLMF IHQ KVXX

OHZ IPNB HQS FCB LQWLMF

XBMM PQ FCB MHIB HIPLQF

PT VQAPIB.—OXHFP.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 294

Those comfortably padded lunatic asylums which are known, euphemistically, as the stately homes of England.

—VIRGINIA WOOLF.

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Money Talking

THE PRICE IS RIGHT. By Jerome Weidman. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1949. 316 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LEE ROGOW

SOME books seem inevitably to lead the reviewer into the sort of piece in which the first half is spent explaining all the reasons why the novel should have been good, and the second half is spent explaining why it wasn't. Mr. Weidman's latest falls into that category.

"The Price Is Right" is a brisk, well-made work by a skilful craftsman in the novel medium. Mr. Weidman has a well-tuned ear for dialogue, a handy way around a plot, an ability to project a wide variety of characters, and, above all, an almost photographic appreciation of the fabric of modern life, with particular emphasis on the mechanisms of twentieth-century business. In addition to these far from tawdry gifts, Mr. Weidman has something fairly significant to say about the values of our society.

Surely all these should tot up to something impressive, but I am sorry to say they do not. "The Price Is Right" is mighty palatable reading, but it is like one of those Chinese dinners—an hour after finishing it you're hungry all over again. Something vital is missing, some factor which could lift it up from the level of a slick modern parable and make it work on the mind and heart.

Here, as in earlier novels, Weidman is concerned with what they used to call The Bitch-Goddess Success. You can't settle for a little success, says Weidman, any more than you can settle for a little love. Get a toehold in the land of the big money, and pretty soon you discover that you have to run pretty fast to stay in the same place, like the Red Queen in "Alice." Somewhere along the line you become too intent on the next victory to stop for moral stock-taking. Somewhere along the line you begin using people in a way that besmirches their dignity and your own. Somewhere along the line, if you're lucky, you discover the game isn't worth the candle.

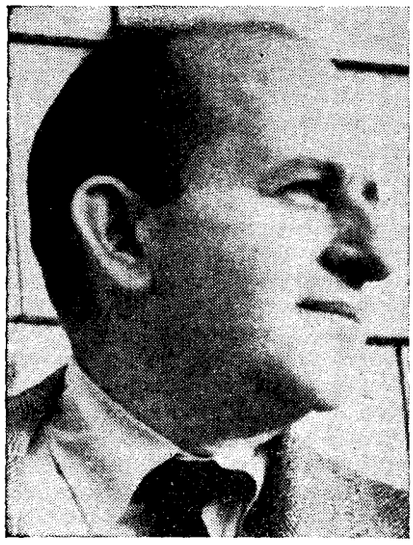
Henry Cade, the young assistant to a thriving news syndicate, was lucky and unlucky. He finally got himself straight on what was important and what wasn't, but somebody had to get killed first. Cade was content with a minor job in the syndicate until he went off to war and his fiancee in the mimeograph room up and married the boss of the firm. Out of uniform, Henry smoldered. When the breaks started to happen, he took advantage of them. The syndicate lost its biggest star, a successful cartoonist, and Henry managed to get an exclusive contract with the only possible replacement, a promising young columnist. He parlayed these two breaks into a partnership in the firm and a chance to pick up with his own girl.

But Cade discovered you cannot make war without making enemies. First the old boss of the firm started after him, then a young moneyman who was trying to buy up the syndicate. The battle for dominance, the moves and counter-moves, eventually brought Henry Cade to the moment of moral horror when he was able to reject the self-cannibalism of ruthless ambition, the seducing comforts of the big money—but not before a life had been trampled out in the process.

The story is deftly, wittily told. Each chapter ends with a cliff-hanging touch of suspense. The scenes are handled with a playwright's skill.

But to return to the opening paradox, "The Price Is Right" is not much of a novel. Weidman is clever about people without being really wise about them. The emotional penetration and the understanding of the sources of human ethics are essentially superficial—not much beyond the scope of "The Hucksters," which had a similar theme. To borrow a phrase from Dorothy Parker, there is less here than meets the eye.

Lee Rogow contributes articles and stories to national magazines. He is currently writing the lyrics and book for a musical which will be presented on Broadway next fall, as well as working on a novel.



"Jerome Weidman is clever about people without being really wise about them."

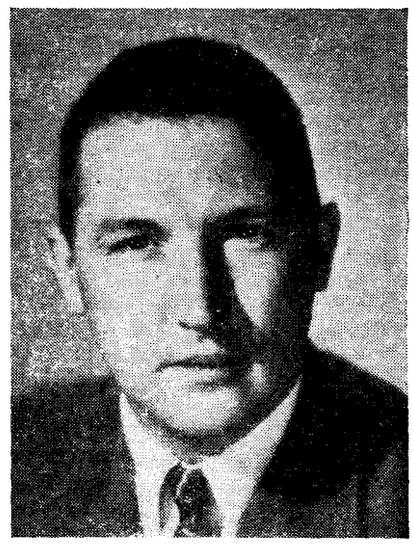
Play-Boy's Crucible

THE WASTREL. By Frederic Wakeman. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1949. 252 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

EXCEPT for the freshness and vitality with which it is written, Frederic Wakeman's "The Wastrel" bears little resemblance to his three previous novels. In "Shore Leave" he reported the gaudy, dismally alcoholic behavior of Navy fliers returned to the West Coast for a new lease on life. "The Hucksters" and "Saxon Charm" were satirical attacks on radio advertising agencies and the equally fantastic and wasteful business of producing plays for the theatre. Mr. Wakeman apparently had established a pattern for his future work, based on the dramatic exposure of one after the other of the stupidities and follies of institutions that have long been tolerated as a part of American life. It seemed to be in the cards that he would next tackle the magnates of Hollywood, the press, or Wall Street, a novelist always on the lookout for a sensational theme, turning out the journalistic fiction in which American writers, if they did not invent it, have at least been superior to the rest of the world.

But in "The Wastrel" Mr. Wakeman has written something different, a dramatic and believable novel in which a wealthy American play-boy examines his futile life during one perilous night, and presumably finds enough iron in his nature out of which he may forge a new existence. Duncan Bell of the novel could never be persuaded to work, though he was an admirable athlete and sportsman,



"Frederic Wakeman has written something different, a dramatic and believable novel."

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and knew as much about the navigation, winds, and currents of the sea as any professional skipper. For years he had taken his beautiful wife all over the world wherever wealthy idlers and pleasure seekers gathered. Only his doctor and Duncan himself knew that his heart would some day betray his strong and sunburnt body. Though he had been an alcoholic for years he had stopped drinking, and though he had suspected his wife of infidelity they continued to live together. Except for one night ten years before he had fulfilled a vow never to make love to her. But that night produced a son whom he loved, and it was his desperate effort to save his son from drowning that was to make possible the re-creation of his manhood.

In "The Wastrel" there are two intermingled stories in one. Duncan Bell had built a home on a tropical island that might be a smaller replica of Jamaica. One day when he had for once fallen off the wagon and had quarreled bitterly with his wife he took his young son out to sea in his motor speedboat. Twelve miles from land it was shattered by some unseen submerged object. Without hope he determined to save the boy's life and discovered in his dilemma that his weak heart, his exhausted legs and arms, were mutinous members of a crew that could be commanded separately by his mind; and he found qualities of courage and invention in his son which he had never suspected.

The story of this perilous voyage is so breathtaking in itself that the recital of the father's memories of his past seem to be interludes in the main current of the novel, so that Mr. Wakeman's device, which turns the novel into a tour de force, is more magnetic to the reader's attention than the body of the narrative. Nevertheless, the novel is successful as a whole as well as in its separate parts. It is always a difficult feat for a novelist to create a broken and humiliated man and then restore him in a few hours in a convincing manner, for his re-creation may resemble a drunkard's promises or the overnight reform of a sinner at an orgiastic camp-meeting. Mr. Wakeman's ability to make the reader believe that his hero, who finally falls asleep on the beach beside his half-drowned son, is in truth a different man than he was eight hours before, is an achievement that establishes "The Wastrel" as a literary as well as a popular success. It can only be added that it is one of those occasional books that possess the devilish power of keeping readers awake until they have reached the last sentence.

Spenlove in Love

FAMILY TROUBLE. By William McFee. New York: Random House. 1949. 310 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDMUND GILLIGAN

IN William McFee's twenty-fifth book his admirable Mr. Spenlove, again in Arcady, tells the curious story of a man in love. Or, more accurately, in love with the idea of love. Mr. Spenlove likes to keep things quiet, especially when he's displaying his wonderful gift of gab.

Mr. Spenlove is, of course, known to many readers. He has shocked and goaded them and made them laugh in other books. Those who know this retired chief engineer will be prepared and eager for his entrance, arm-in-arm with his young wife, Perdita, a charming girl whose perfect behavior as a listener is expected of all of you. The new readers, on the other hand, might be well served by a warning that they should not be deceived by the easy manner in which the tale begins. By ease I mean the ease of Mr. Spenlove's talk, which amounts to loquacity. To newcomers, it may seem almost casual. It isn't. In the end, every word counts, especially those grave and sad words almost reluctantly set forth between the soup in Arcady, the mutton, and the jam roll. Most fortunately, there is always wine, and a constant supply of excellent whiskey, taken in the English manner: not to get drunk, but to stay mildly drunk all the time.

Mr. Spenlove may be excused for his recourse to wine. He liked Jack Bannister very much, even when the accident of war (the old one) made a hero of Bannister and gave him too grand a manner. It is in the hurly-burly of warfare at sea that Bannister catches up Roxane from salty death and, in turn, is caught up by her in marriage, which soon strikes her as a sort of living death because he must be away from her. It is a moving scene, that one where the phrase "family trouble" first appears. It is used by poor Bannister to obtain a furlough, which, in the English Merchant Marine, is rather poetically known as "compassionate leave." He obtains it, and fails in his search for Roxane. It is then that the story goes full tilt—goes at thirty knots, rather—through his second marriage, his tragic love affair with Chiquita in Costaragnda, and his third rescue of a damsel in distress, a young American girl. The tragedy of Chiquita will be, for some, the high point of the book. McFee has a strangely effective hand with portraits of Central American women. Chiquita, carrying Bannister's child in the moment of her untimely death, is a lovely person. One can see that the third marriage (to the American) is not to be an easy one. Its close, brought on by his discovery of the lost Roxane, is harsh, but, as I have said, seemingly inevitable.

Bannister's problem, which is the theme of the book, is thus resolved. The resolution of it is a good story. Nevertheless, Spenlove remains the real chief, the best of all the many actors. He says of himself that "nothing interested him more than the behavior of his contemporaries." McFee proves again that this compassionate watch over our human destinies can be very interesting, indeed.

Manners & Manors

THE VALLEY OF ST. IVES. By Arthur Herbert Bryant. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1949. 275 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

I REMEMBER Mr. Bryant's first novel, "Double Image," as a tidy little melodrama all violence and coincidence and externals, slicked into freshness by an undoubtedly powerful hand. It was a demonstration of competence. His second novel is quite another thing; it is gratifying to note that he has no intention of repeating his small and neat success.

In "The Valley of St. Ives" he moves into a larger and subtler realm. It is essentially the story of a clash upon an inner battlefield, upon which the protagonists must contend against their formless compulsions against their own split and indefinable motives, against the dragging weight of social pressures and prejudices. Very little happens in actuality, up to the one violent and hugely symbolic struggle of a man and a horse in a stable that closes the book. But all the way through there is that other kind of struggle when the body rests paralyzed in inaction while the mind races agonized among alternatives. Sometimes the book is becalmed in inaction altogether; I think Mr. Bryant has probably let his pendulum swing too far the other way from his first preoccupation with plot and movement. A little more of that here might have lifted the book in places where it needed to be lifted.

The valley itself is somewhere in the rich riding-and-hunting country on the Eastern coast, where there dwells an aristocracy of American squires whose lives are bounded com-

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fortably by the Tudor house, the blooded stable, the hunt calendar, and Dun & Bradstreet. There is also the St. Ives School for Boys, one inconsistent note in the valley, since neither the teachers nor the boys come within the confines of the valley code of life: the school has an older tradition of its own, something at once more utilitarian and more austere.

Out of these two elements come our pair of ill-starred lovers. Christine Warrington is one of the valley aristocrats, and Clark Fuller teaches Fourth Form English at the school. Everything is between them: two irreconcilable pasts, two kinds of thinking about everything from money to horses, certainly two patterns of life. But at the moment of their meeting they are both at a particularly vulnerable low ebb of confidence. Out of weakness they fall together, and at that point the mechanism of tragedy is set and begins its unwinding. We behold it in the choral commentary of such bystanders as Christine's mother, a wise and articulate woman who has the vision to understand the strength of her prejudices and to predict what they will do to Clark and Christine. We behold it through Clark's friend George Spofford, a cynical and wide-eyed opportunist who plays both sides of the valley fence and tries to the last to drag Clark free of his impending fate. Most of all we behold the tragedy in the consciousnesses of Clark and Christine themselves, as all the elements of difference loom up between them larger than ever. When, only half way through the book, Christine looks upon him uneasy in his saddle and says, "You'll never be a horseman, Clark," she is announcing the theme of dissolution, so strikingly orchestrated at the end when Clark is locked in battle with her beloved horse.

Such is the theme, a difficult and ambitious one, worked out with what seems to me a serious appreciation of its depths. It seems also that not everything was done with it that might have been—although one might say that about almost any difficult book of this kind. The danger was that Christine's vacillation between love and snobbery, and Clark's evident inability to do anything but wait and worry, might actually seem trivial rather than tragic. Let the reader once rise up to ask in impatience, "Why couldn't he ride then?," and the book's effect is dissipated. Clark and Christine come close to losing our regard, out of their insufficiency of character. They are not thoroughly plumbed, they are not entirely realized even in their own terms.

(*Continued on page* 36)

Ideas & Studies.

As man's inquisitiveness carried him into hitherto uncharted areas of knowledge during the nineteenth century, the age of specialization set in. "Man is now learning," wits often said, "more and more about less and less." Frequently the scholar knew, and professed it unnecessary for himself to know, little that lay beyond the narrow limits of his own field of inquiry. But within the last quarter century investigators have increasingly realized the essential unity of knowledge and are fighting against excessive specialization. Three books reviewed below demonstrate this tellingly. In "Insight and Outlook" the novelist Arthur Koestler undertakes to develop a basic philosophy rooted in psychology and physiology. "Family of Tomorrow" and "The Family" draw upon religion, literature, political science, etc., to illumine the crisis facing society's basic unit.

Bisociation—a Philosophical System

INSIGHT AND OUTLOOK: An Inquiry into the Common Foundations of Science, Art, and Social Ethics. By Arthur Koestler. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 442 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by MAXWELL GEISMAR

PROBABLY the two most gifted figures of the postwar literary scene in Europe are Jean-Paul Sartre and Arthur Koestler. The problem with each of them has been to determine whether they are creative talents in the role of journalists, or journalists on the edge of the creative arts. Sartre's novels reveal essential weaknesses which can be glossed over in his plays and philosophic tracts, while, on the contrary, Koestler's novels display a strength that is sometimes betrayed by the "sophistication" of his essays and articles, including, I think, the present volume's attempt to construct a philosophical system.

As the subtitle indicates, this is Koestler's most ambitious foray into the realm of theory; it is the result, he says, of twenty years of thought and five years of work, and it will be followed by a second volume on the same theme. For the benefit of Koestler's popular audience in this country, I should also add that this is not at all a typical Koestler book. It is concerned mainly with modern physiology and psychology, and those readers who admire Koestler's sense of social and political drama may discover that they are quite lost in the parasympathetic division of the autonomic nervous system. It is one of those curious books that are easy to understand but hard to read.

The basic theory of the volume—which Koestler calls "bisociation"—is the meeting, or intersection, of two chains of logic, or, as we would say now, two operative fields or planes of reasoning. In the areas of science and art, the great discoveries, the famous instances of creative insight, have come about through these intersections, which in turn have established familiar objects or ideas in new relationships and new perspectives. There is nothing new under the sun; it is always a question of finding out something that already exists but that has not been noticed—in exactly the way that Archimedes or Darwin, for instance, noticed it. I am not sure that "bisociation" itself will become another one of the pivotal discoveries of the human mind, but it is certainly an accurate description of one form of creative process, and Koestler has reinforced it with other valuable insights.

Perhaps the most interesting of these is the fact that, while Western psychology has stressed the self-assertive urges, the East has stressed the self-transcending drives just as fervently: each half of the world acting as though the other half were mad, or at least not civilized. Thus against Freud's diagnosis of the "oceanic feeling" as being a reversionary and destructive impulse, Koestler

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sets forth the theme of "*reculer pour mieux sauter*"—of a temporary reversion, as it were, in order to establish a higher integration of the human being or of civilization.

Indeed, the aim of civilization is the draining off of our aggressive and hostile impulses into the sort of self-transcendence that is evident in science or the arts, while the price of civilization, as Koestler argues, should not be the increasing discontent of the individual but a greater freedom. In the course of this discussion, too, there are a series of excellent digressions on such topics as the collective unconscious, semantics, the immortal protozoa, the visual arts, the myth of Jonah and the whale. Perhaps the real value of "Insight and Outlook" comes as much from these digressions, or related themes, as from its central thesis. For it is a fact that this book, which is perfectly sound and fruitful in its ideas, is also rather abstract and sterile in its conclusions.

Even its tone is uneasy; it is the only book of Arthur Koestler's that can be accused of pomposity. Is it because the psychological sections display an underground but acute resistance to psychoanalytical procedures, while the sections on "social ethics" convey no sense at all of the modern social scene? This is a book which attempts to bring together some of the major advances in science during the last fifty years—but it is almost a psychology without Freud, a sociology without Marx. In his attempt to go beyond contemporary values, Koestler has really gone around them; his own synthesis is to a large degree a reversion.

Where Koestler is particularly good, however, is in the literary sections of the book, and what "Insight and Outlook" does illuminate, even by its evasions, is the present position of the artist in his society. Perhaps, indeed, the East will now take its revenge on the West for that forgotten half of the human psyche. In the very midst of an epochal social and economic revolution, our intellectuals are ascending to the heights of self-transcending esthetic, a mystic metaphysics, and a philosophical nirvana.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

LAST LINES OF WELL-KNOWN NOVELS

Olivia S. Wood, of New York City, offers the closing lines of twenty well-known novels and asks you to name either the title of the novel or its author. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 30.

1. Very lightly she slipped into bed and very soon she was asleep.
2. But everywhere he was kindly received for the story of his life had become generally known.
3. "I'm the best storm-window fixer in this town, you'll see."
4. "Yes," he said, "it's eleven o'clock.'
5. "However long you may live, I never can wish you a greater happiness than this."
6. In either place the latchstring is always out for any member of our Class.
7. He braced himself to the exquiste burden of life.
8. I believe it nonetheless because that nook is in a Church, and she was weak and erring.
9. We were alone with the quiet day, and his little heart, dispossessed, had stopped.
10. The bathroom was drenched with their splashings. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.
11. So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.
12. "I'll tell you," said Rosie. "He was always such a perfect gentleman."
13. The song died away; they heard the river, bearing down the snows of winter into the Mediterranean.
14. "We are all at the mercy of youth, Mr. Richards! Could you oblige me with a fairy tale?"
15. Ah, he might wish and wish and never get it—the beauty and the loving in the world!
16. She looked up and across the barn, and her lips came together and smiled mysteriously.
17. He crossed his hands on his lap and smiled as a man may who has won Salvation for himself and his beloved.
18. "We just want you to do the impossible," Judge Coates said.
19. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain.
20. "And, let me tell you, that childish caprice is not the thing for which I blame myself most."

Ideas on Polity

WESTERN POLITICAL THOUGHT. By John Bowle. New York: Oxford University Press. 1949. 472 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THIS book undertakes to describe the main evolution of Western political thought from its remotest roots to the end of the eighteenth century, analyzing the texts of the most important writers and filling in the social background which conditioned their thinking. Thus a workmanlike summary of the political theories of Machiavelli (four pages for "The Prince" and the same for the "Discorsi") is preceded by a four-page account of the Italian Renaissance and topped off by a neat paragraph putting the Florentine firmly in his place, and labeling clearly his merits and his limitations. By standing no nonsense from any of these old philosophers, sprawling and tenebrous, tough and intractable as some of them seem, Mr. Bowle manages to deal efficiently with quite a list of them from Hammurabi of Babylon (how did he get into "the evolution of Western political thought," anyway?) to Edmund Burke, and still find room for a short essay on primitive magic and religion, a sketch of the Greek city state, an explanation of the decline and fall of the Roman empire, a note on the seamier side of Merovingian family life, a section on feudalism, another on the Reformation, and some brisk remarks on the dawn of experimental science in the fifteenth century, on the Cartesian rationalism of the seventeenth century, and on the sentimental enlightenment of the eighteenth.

Except for a couple of Continental theologians and a couple of medieval civilians, practically every name which would be prominent in a general course on European political theory gets discussed, and to balance the omissions Spinoza and Vico are given space as major figures and Bracton and Fortescue receive more attention than a Frenchman, say, would think quite necessary. In all, the chief works of some forty political theorists are characterized, often with a chapter-by-chapter outline, and for each writer there are crisp biographical details and at least one useful tag-line, in the original, with a footnote translation. Throughout the style is clear, sensible, straightforward, without confusing qualification or hesitancies. I have rarely seen a textbook which read so easily or left its main assertions lying so firmly in the memory. And no one who read it and remem-

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bered it would need to be at loss for something acceptable to say about any of these political philosophers whose name happened to come up.

Of course this is not, by its author's express declaration, a textbook. It is intended primarily for readers outside academic circles, particularly those engaged in politics and administration, who might be interested in the development of Western political thought. And equally, of course, its pages are not intended as a surrogate for the works of the great theorists, but only as an introduction to them. Yet little as its author may have intended such a use and indignantly as he might repudiate it, the idle undergraduate and even the harried doctoral candidate will find this a first-rate cram book until the faculty gets on to it.

Man's Greatest Test

THE FAMILY OF TOMORROW. By Carle O. Zimmerman. New York: Harper & Bro. 1949. 256 *pp.* $3.50.

THE FAMILY: Its Function and Destiny. Edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen. New York: Harper & Bro. 1949. 443 *pp.* $3.50.

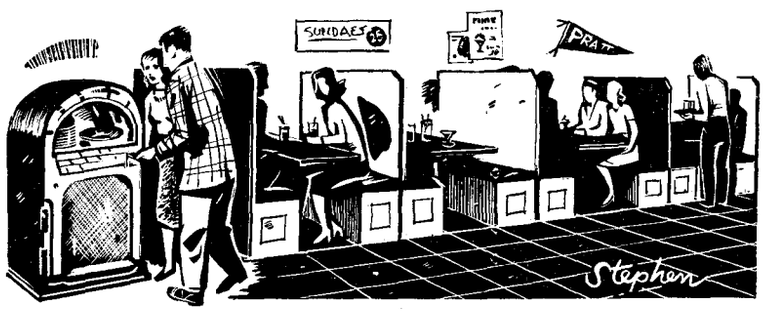
Reviewed by M. F. Ashley Montagu

THE family is in trouble, not only in America, but elsewhere in the world. In America one in three marriages ends in divorce; in England one in five. Juvenile delinquency rates increase each year with predictable regularity. These are but two of the most conspicuous evidences of family disorganization in the Western world. There are numerous others, the most pervasive being no less than the decay of Western civilization itself. It is the relation between the decay of the family and the breakdown of civilization which Professor Zimmerman is concerned to clarify in "The Family of Tomorrow."

A civilization is a system of applied values. It has often been said that Americans have no values. This is, of course, silly. The trouble with Americans is not that they have no values, but that they have too many of the wrong sort. Bearing upon this point Professor Zimmerman points out that the function of the family, beyond all other institutions, is to preserve, develop, and transmit the accepted values of a culture. Hence, "it arises inevitably that rejections of familism are also rejections of culture—nihilism, the denial of society itself." Furthermore, he shows by the plentiful citation of cases, that this has been so throughout the course of human history; a fact of which the editor of our second book seems to be unaware. The soundness of the proposition that control of a civilization or culture means control of the family system, has been demonstrated beyond any shadow of doubt by social scientists, and by controllers of men from Stalin to Hitler. The early fathers of the Communist movement considered the family an unnecessary incubus upon the life of society. They soon discovered their error. Hitler, with his perverted vision, made maximal use of the family in the creation *and* destruction of the Third Reich. We in America seem to be unaware of the most valuable of all the values of our culture, the family. Our attitudes—and attitudes are values—toward the family are unsound, perverted, and atomistic. We marry for the wrong reasons, and we have children, or don't, for the wrong reasons. As Professor Zimmerman says, in this important book, the making of a family is man's greatest test. The community cannot take over the functions of the family.

We must create new values for the family, says Professor Zimmerman. Familism must become a way of life because it has prestige over other ways. As a step in that direction he calls for the formation of an American Family Institute. He invites correspondence on the subject. Let us hope he gets the most badly needed institute in the world.

In "The Family: Its Function and Destiny" the editor, Dr. Anshen, makes many of the same points, in her opening paper, as Professor Zimmerman, particularly with respect to values. Ralph Linton follows with a brilliant chapter on "The Natural History of the Family"; and there are excellent contributions on "The Family in Islam," by Arthur Jeffery; in "China," by Francis L. K. Hsu; in "India," by David Mandelbaum; in "Russia," by Maurice Hindus; in "Latin America," by Arturo Torres-Rioseco; "The Negro Family," by E. Franklin Frazier, and "The Family: Genus Americanum," by the late Ruth Benedict. Talcott Parsons writes on "The Social Structure of the Family," raising the "doubt whether the American type of family system is in the long run capable of sufficient stability to perform its extremely essential functions on behalf of our type of society." He proceeds to express some highly dubious views which, unfortunately, cannot be dealt with here. They are worthy of serious attention. Therese Benedek's chapter, "The Emotional Structure of the Family," is a most valuable contribution. "The young American husband who helps his wife in the many chores of child care . . . unknowingly begins the process by which it will become difficult if not impossible for him to perform the patriarchal role of the father. He becomes in the child's mind a part of the mother image." And much else to like effect. Benedek shows admirably clearly how the interaction between society and family determines the form of emotional pathology. Robert K. Merton's brilliant "Social Structure and Anomie" reappears here in a revised and extended version. In "The Facts of Life" Frank W. Notestein discusses world population trends. Karl W. Llewellyn writes refreshingly on "Education and the Family: Certain Unsolved Problems"; Charles Abrams and John P. Dean in "Housing and the Family" forcefully present the shocking story of what crippling living arrangements do to the family. Denis de Rougemont in "The Crisis of the Modern Couple" brilliantly attacks the practice of marrying upon the ephemeral basis of "romantic love." One may recall here Disraeli's remark to his sister, "I do not intend marrying for love. Most of my friends who married so either beat their wives or live apart from them." Erich Fromm has two important chapters, "The Oedipus Complex and the Oedipus Myth," and "Sex and Character." Max Horkheimer deals with "Authoritarianism," Arthur L. Swift with "Religious Values," Paul Schrecker with "The Family: Conveyance of Tradition," and a chapter by the editor on "The Conservation of Family Values." A most valuable book.



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The World. *December saw the publication of a book about the 1946 atomic bomb tests at Bikini—David Bradley's "No Place to Hide"—that deserves to stand beside John Hersey's now classic account of the first atomic bombing, "Hiroshima." This week we review a provocative analysis of the bomb's military and political implications by a British Nobel Prize physicist: P. M. S. Blackett's "Fear, War, and the Atom Bomb." Any consideration of the consequences of the bomb and future world peace must take into account the shadowy men in the Politburo, the subjects of Walter Duranty's "Stalin & Co.," another book of the week. In "The Tiger of France," also reviewed here, Wythe Williams depicts somewhat nostalgically the World War I premier of the Third French Republic, Georges Clemenceau, a man who might—and might not—have succeeded in preserving peace if he had lived into the 1940's.*

Absolute Weapon & Absolute Security

FEAR, WAR, AND THE BOMB: The Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy. By P. M. S. Blackett. New York: Whittlesey House. 1949. 214 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT W. FRASE

THIS study by a Nobel Prize winner in physics, former Royal Navy officer, and student of modern warfare attracted a great deal of attention when it was published last year in England, has been widely discussed throughout Europe, was quoted by Soviet delegates at the UN Assembly, has been reviewed in *Pravda,* and debated on the BBC.

Professor Blackett's principal theme is a criticism of the "Baruch Plan" derived primarily from a military analysis of strategic bombing. An extended examination of the bombing of Germany and Japan, plus certain assumptions as to the probable development of atomic weapons and aircraft within the next decade, leads him to conclude that atomic bombing has been greatly exaggerated as a decisive single military instrument in a war between the East and the West.

The feeling of insecurity which an unsound concept of the bomb as the "absolute weapon" has created in America is largely responsible, according to Blackett, for an attempt by the United States to recapture absolute security through the Baruch Plan. Having used the bomb themselves, Americans are further obsessed with the emotional conviction that it will be dropped on them as soon as the Russians have it, overlooking what he regards as important practical, technical, and strategic limitations.

The Baruch Plan and the UN majority proposals—which are treated as substantially the same thing to an extent which close comparison does not support—appear to the author as designed to satisfy the United States desire for security at the expense of the USSR. This contention is based primarily on the position of the United States on the sequence of stages for placing an international control scheme into effect, a subject not yet considered by the UN Commission in detail. Secrecy with respect to the location of the Russian industrial and military establishments which would constitute primary bombing targets is postulated as a key element in Soviet defenses. To start control with international ground and air surveys of world uranium resources, as the United States has seemed to suggest, would destroy this defense of secrecy without immediate comparable advantages. The American position during this initial period of one or more years would remain substantially unchanged since the best potential bombing targets in the United States are no secret, Russia has no suitable air bases for attack, and the international control of the process of manufacturing explosive charges for bombs would begin only after completion of the raw material survey.

—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star.

"Still the Important 'Secret'."

A secondary criticism is that Russia's comparative economic strength and well-being would be permanently weakened by subordinating economic needs to a wide geographical dispersion of atomic power plants to provide a safety factor if the control plan should break down. The brief chapter on potential economic benefits from atomic energy appears designed to support this view. While the difficulties of arriving at any firm judgments at this time are admitted, doubtful questions as to feasibility, cost, timing, and the ultimate magnitude of atomic power tend to be resolved on the optimistic side.

A subsidiary but persistent theme is the implication that biological warfare is a comparable instrument of mass destruction and for technical reasons cannot be controlled effectively by international regulation—so why all the fuss about failure to secure international agreement on the control of atomic energy?

Blackett's main thread of military and political analysis raises significant and important questions, some of them for the first time; but these points are obscured and confused by a lengthy inquiry into the genesis of American policy in 1945-47 in which he attempts to cram history into a simple mold, willy-nilly. Here the argument is held together at crucial points by newspaper quotations of dubious reliability and by omissions of relevant material even from documents otherwise cited. The most important single source of insight into what has happened and the possibilities of the emergence of any mutually acceptable control scheme—the detailed and voluminous records of the UN Atomic Energy Commission—is apparently *terra incognita* to Professor Blackett.

The positive suggestions which emerge are brief and rather anticlimactic: Live with the bomb and like it since an early war is not probable; armed neutrality for non-Communist Europe; and an attempt at general international arms limitation at some future date.

In contrast with his political discussion, Blackett's strictly military analysis is a most useful contribution, despite a tendency to minimize the power of the bomb and to magnify the possibilities of civilian defense and the interception of attacking bombers. On biological warfare, Blackett tends toward the exaggera-

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tion which he deplores with respect to atomic bombing; a similar detailed analysis of this subject would probably deflate its vague terrors in like or even greater proportion. His judgments on the relative safety of the United States from significant atomic attack within the next ten years and probably longer, and the defensive value of the bomb deserve critical comparison with the views commonly held in this country.

Robert W. Frase, economist and political scientist, is at work on a full-length study of the international control of atomic energy under a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation.

Clemenceau & the Third French Republic

THE TIGER OF FRANCE. By Wythe Williams. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1949. 315 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

AS a young American newspaper correspondent in Paris just before World War I, Wythe Williams had the luck, or discernment, to make friends with Georges Clemenceau. The Tiger was even then in his seventies, and seemed at the end of a long career as journalist and politician. Yet his final fame was still to come, and in these last fifteen years of his life Mr. Williams had many chances to talk with the great man in intimacy. The relation was not quite like that between Boswell and Johnson, or that between Eckermann and Goethe—or at least, this resulting book is unlikely to attain as high a place as those of Boswell and Eckermann.

But it is an interesting book, and an admirable introduction to the political life of the late Third French Republic. For Mr. Williams has carried over from his newspaperman's training one great virtue: he writes clear, systematic exposition, as if for a reader who knows nothing about the subject. He avoids the allusiveness the scholar and the man of letters fall into so often, even when they seem to have no need to show off.

Mr. Williams disavows the intention of writing another life of Clemenceau, yet this book is by no means a mere series of conversations. There is enough on Clemenceau's origins and early life—including an amusing chapter on his two years' stay in the United States at the end of the Civil War and his marriage with Miss Plummer of Springfield, Massachusetts—enough on the background of the Third Republic, the war we used to call simply the Great War, and that Peace of Versailles that begins to look so idyllic now, so that the reader gets a connected account of Clemenceau's career.

How accurate an account is another matter. This is a book that the historian will need to use, but with caution. To begin with, Mr. Williams is a worshiper. He makes no attempt to deny Clemenceau's bad temper, no attempt to smooth over his rough edges; but for him Clemenceau is the greatest and wisest man he has ever known. This, however, is a bias that can readily be understood and calculated. More serious is the possible distortion in the recorded conversations. They took place between twenty and thirty-five years ago, and though Mr. Williams took notes at the time, he has worked them up only recently into finished form.

The finish is a bit too good. The net effect of Clemenceau's personality as it comes through is almost certainly sound and just, but a bit too consistent, a bit too perfect, a bit too much of a portrait, in the unfavorable sense that the word "portrait" has for the determined realist.

Two examples will suffice. Clemenceau learned the American language young, and all his life tried to keep up with our tongue. Especially in his contacts with the British during the war, he loved to shock them, to hurt their self-esteem, by doing his best to talk Brooklyn. We know this from many sources. But Mr. Williams tries to report Clemenceau's American direct, and the result is not convincing. Maybe Clemenceau did talk that way. If he did, it's no wonder the Entente was weakened.

Another example of a perfection that arouses a reader's distrust is the extreme clarity with which Clemenceau in the 1920's foresaw the events of the 1940's—right down to Japanese aggression and Russian emergence into the role of international villain. Clemenceau in his eighties saw life darkly, and perhaps in our times dark glasses give clearer sight. But one suspects his batting average was not quite the 1.000 Mr. Williams gives him.

Not to all readers will Mr. Williams's high estimate of the usefulness of a Clemenceau be acceptable. One gathers from this book the definite impression that Mr. Williams believes that what the world needs today is more Clemenceaus, or at least another Clemenceau. It is true that Mr. Williams does not claim that even a Clemenceau could have saved France in 1940. But he does claim that had Clemenceau been allowed to wage peace as he waged war, we should all be better off now. That is very questionable. Clemenceau was superbly fitted, almost in a Darwinian sense, for the job he took in 1917. But he was fitted for nothing else, and certainly not for the hard, compromising, unheroic, and in a way modest job of keeping the peace. Clemenceau wasn't quite dull enough to be a very great man.

—*Acme.*

Clemenceau [with Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago] did "his best to talk Brooklyn."

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Publisher's Gallery

XIX: Storer Boardman Lunt

PONDERING a career back in the middle Twenties—almost broke after a year's graduate study at Cambridge University and four years' wandering around Europe and the USA—Storer Boardman Lunt observed that people in publishing "seemed to be having the most fun." That decided him, and with a sample trunk of Doubleday wares in tow he toured the country from 1925-30—an experience still warm in memory. Although he insists "my life has not been a meteoric affair," his star has been in the ascendant since he became sales manager of the then-young W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., in 1930. Four years later he was elevated to secretary and vice president and in 1945, on Mr. Norton's death, to president.

Since, as business head and active editor, he has enthusiastically furthered Warder Norton's basic idea: to bring out serious books of information written by experts for laymen. At Yale, where he took an AB in Lit. in 1921, he and "Bob" Hutchins collaborated in operating a tutoring bureau "until forced off campus by authorities." He notes with interest Chancellor Hutchins's currrent attention to "Great Books," while he himself implements the Norton slogan, "Books That Live," hoping "some of them will become great books"—"a publishing company is known by the books it keeps." Such volumes as "Music in Western Civilization" and "Mathematics for the Million" represent the temper of the house.

After thirty years away from his native Portland, Mr. Lunt still retains a decided Down East accent—along with bachelorhood, youthful good looks, and bounce. One day he hopes to have sufficient leisure for dabbling in a greenhouse, painting, trout fishing, and duck hunting. —E. P. H.

Understanding the Politburo

STALIN & CO. By Walter Duranty. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1949. 258 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

MANY Americans, in their anxiety to find a way out of the present impasse between Moscow and Washington, talk about "understanding the Russian people." In "Stalin & Co." Mr. Duranty renders a service to American thinking on the subject by emphasizing that it is the Politburo which rules the USSR. It is this body of thirteen men which we must try to understand.

The Politburo is at the apex of the monolithic political-economic pyramid that is the Soviet Union. Its decisions are mandatory wherever Soviet dictatorship reaches. Nobody in the Soviet empire dares to challenge a Politburo order. Yet even the names of most of the men who wield this colossal power are not well known in America. Unlike the former Fascist leaders of Germany and Italy, the Politburo members, Stalin and Molotov excepted, keep out of the limelight. Nevertheless, a member like Voznesensky, chairman of the State Planning Commission, exerts an influence on our economic life, tied up as it is with rearmament, international trade, and the ERP.

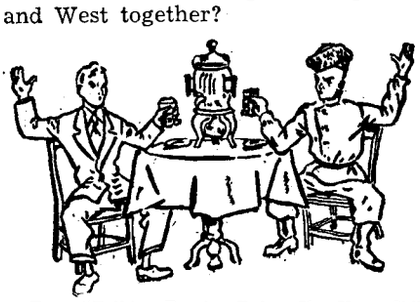
Mr. Duranty takes no stock in the popular belief, entertained by some of the highest American officials, that there is a split in the Politburo or that Stalin is the "prisoner" of a majority Politburo faction. "Despite Western opinion to the contrary," he contends, "all available evidence indicates that the Politburo is a solid, tight-knit unit under Stalin's full control." This was not always the case. While Lenin was alive "the Politburo was composed of potentially hostile elements, full of cabals and rivalries." In those days Stalin was in the minority, bitterly opposed by Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Rykov, Tomsky, and Bukharin. After Lenin's death came the all-out struggle between the "Western exiles" (Trotsky and his followers) on the one hand and Stalin and his supporters on the other. Stalin won. The "Western exiles" were liquidated.

Most of today's Politburo members served under Stalin in the Secretariat, the control center of the Communist Party. With the exception of Andreyev, they have always followed their leader. Even Andreyev deviated only once, and then on a relatively minor labor-union policy 'way back in 1921.

Each man in the Politburo has a special job: Molotov, foreign affairs; Beria, the MVD; Mikoyan, foreign trade; Kaganovich, heavy industry; Andreyev, collective farms. While each is responsible in his own field, the Politburo as a whole, it appears, discusses and decides on important policies. Before a decision is taken, apparently, every member is entitled to his opinion. But once the decision is made, everyone must get behind it. There can be no deviation.

In view of the uncertainty of Stalin's health, readers will undoubtedly be keenly interested in the possibility of a fight for succession among the Politburo members. It is rather surprising that Mr. Duranty devotes so little space to this subject. He appears to believe that after Stalin's death harmony will prevail. "Deprived of Stalin, it seems likely that the Politburo would adopt the pattern set in Turkey after the death of Kemal Ataturk, when the mantle of the dead leader was, so to speak, divided among his associates rather than assumed by any one of them." Well, maybe. On the other hand it could be that the discipline enforced by Stalin is the factor that keeps these ruthless, strong-willed men working together as a team. There has been trouble inside the Politburo before; perhaps there will be again.

Although "Stalin & Co." does not contain a great deal of new material, it is a readable and interesting book. There is some repetition and the author is not always lucid. At times he wanders afield from his subject to rationalize the destruction of the kulaks and to defend the Soviet invasion of Finland, the Nazi-Soviet deal, and the sovietization of the countries occupied by the Red Army. There will certainly be a good many readers who cannot go along with his charge that the Marshall Plan had "the unfortunate effect of dividing Europe into two unfriendly camps." Does Mr. Duranty believe that before the Marshall Plan Europe was a peaceful continent in which East and West cooperated? Does he think that the Politburo was striving to bring East and West together?



—From "Talking Russian Before You Know It."

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For This No-Church's Land

KENNETH D. MILLER

WILLIAM JAMES would have found ample documentation for his "Varieties of Religious Experience" in the religious books published during the past year. There were Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant books, and books by those who belong to no church but still want to write about religion. There were books written for the enlightenment, inspiration, and comfort of those within the fold, and there were books aimed at the wistful pagans outside all churches.

Publishers produced in 1948 the usual quota of scholarly books written by and for the theologians and the philosophers. But to counterbalance these weighty products, even more books were published dealing with the bearing of religion upon such practical matters as labor, Communism, secularism, psychology, church union, and race relations.

A goodly number of last year's output of religious books might be called program aids, for they are designed to help church people in the fields of worship, church music, religious education, pastoral counseling, preaching, and the use of the radio.

There were many biographies and autobiographies of men and women in whose lives religion was a dominant factor. New light was shed on the life and work of Cardinal Newman and of Albert Schweitzer and Mahatma Gandhi. An important book appeared dealing with the life and letters of the late William Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury. The life story of an obscure young man of twenty-six became a best seller. This was Thomas Merton, who left the hurly-burly of the modern world with its materialistic and leftist tendencies to become a Trappist monk and who has written of his experience with engaging literary skill in "The Seven-Storey Mountain" (Harcourt, Brace).

Then, as each year, there appeared a surprisingly large number of published sermons. Few sermons read well, but librarians testify that books of sermons are in great demand especially by theological students and young ministers presumably searching for ideas and illustrations for their own weekly sermons. Anthologies and collections of religious poetry, Biblical studies, and more or less popular expositions of ritual, creed, church history, and the nature of faith complete the list. No—not quite! There was even published what might be called a "religious" cook book, consisting of recipes sent in by church women particularly designed for church dinners and suppers. No recipe calls for the use of wine or other alcoholic beverages, which omission presumably qualifies the "Inglenook Cook Book" (Harper) as a "religious" book. If the book will but improve the quality of church dinners it may do much for the religious life of the country at that.

Several trends are observable in the religious literature of the past year. First of all, a recognition of the lamentable insufficiency of a superficial, formal, and conventional religious faith to meet the problems of today's world is evidenced in all of the devotional books. The very titles—"A Call to What Is Vital," by Rufus Jones (Macmillan); "Alternative to Futility," by Elton Trueblood (Harper); "Revive Thy Church Beginning with Me," by Samuel M. Shoemaker (Harper); "More Than We Are," by Margueritte Bro (Harper)—are indicative of a call to a deeper, more solidly grounded faith. That the response to such an appeal is widespread is demonstrated by the popularity of Rabbi Joshua Loth Liebman's "Peace of Mind" (Simon & Schuster) and Norman Vincent Peale's "A Guide to Confident Living" (Prentice-Hall).

Then an increasing amount of religious literature is aimed at those presently outside the church. Catholic leaders like Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, as well as Protestant clergymen and theologians, seem to be more than ever aware that there are many not now reached by the church who are searching for a philosophy of life and a power for living more adequate and more satisfying than that provided by the all-pervading secularism of our modern culture. So in books and lectures aimed at the man in the street the faith is expounded, interpreted, and reinterpreted. "The Christian Faith and Secularism," edited by J. Richard Spann (Abingdon-Cokesbury), for one example, wheels up a battery of heavy artillery with sights aimed at this no-church's land. Edith Hamilton's beautifully written "Witness to the Truth" (Norton) is another example of an up-to-date apologia.

THEN, too, there is an apparent lack of confidence in the ability of contemporary religionists to meet the unprecedented needs of today. How else may one explain the many attempts made this year to interpret afresh the life and works of the great souls of the past such as Thomas à Kempis, Francis de Sales, John Woolman, Soren Kierkegaard, as well as Luther, Calvin, Thomas Aquinas? Water for the revival of the soul must come from deep wells. Harper is even going back to a previous generation of preachers for a series of published

(*Continued on page* 28)

—"*Sunday Morning*," *by Thomas Benton.*

"The Bible, of course, continues to be the best seller of all."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Knowledge Without Wisdom

NO SUBJECT today is of more importance than the kind of education the coming generation of Americans will receive, though that is only one aspect of our intellectual dilemma which is perplexing thoughtful people everywhere. Fifty years ago foreign historians began to compare America with Imperial Rome, in its hardness, its practicality, and its belief and trust in wealth as an instrument of power. They could not then foresee the enormous increase, from a few hundred thousand to the millions of students who would eventually flood into our colleges and universities. If they had been able to conceive of a country that could support over 400 universities with enrollments of over 1,000 students, forty with more than 10,000, and a few approaching, or over, 40,000, they might still have denied that their original premise was false. It is perhaps true that Americans are as well informed as any people in the world but they may have less knowledge. The battle now raging in academic circles is between scholarship and the humanities on the one hand and practical education, the kind of education that fits a man or a woman for a job or a profession, on the other. It is almost inevitable that culture should get the worst of it, that the study of philosophy, or classical languages, or the arts should steadily decline.

Americans seem to be by nature technically-minded and inventive, for the seed of the legendary Yankee handyman who could make almost anything with a few crude tools has spread across the land. When industry began to look toward science for future development and the new inventions in alloys, plastics, electronics, synthetics, and scores of other laboratory discoveries became practical necessities for a new age, this country began to turn out young scientists as good as any in the world. They are now mass-produced and come off the conveyor belts of colleges and scientific institutions streamlined for their special jobs. Anyone who visits the fraternities of small or large colleges can observe the change that has taken place, apparently overnight. The young men in their final year of study are not discussing what they will do after they graduate, but which one of several positions already offered they will accept. It is inevitable that this should lead to specialization, as it has for many years in medicine, so that more men will know less about the whole subject, and more about its minute subdivisions. In the field of atomics there are already a score of such limited fields for which new symbols and words are being so rapidly invented that it is almost impossible for one atomic scientist to understand what his fellow in another department is talking about.

How can the humanities compete for the attention of American youth with this overwhelming tendency to fit education into handmade careers? Compare the practical advantages of scholarship designed to equip men and women with a broad philosophy of life and some understanding of the arts, presumed to be so beneficent and enduring, with the factual knowledge of any branch of technology. One man will acquire wisdom for the future and will be poorly paid for his trouble; the other can find almost immediately a well-paid position in a minute niche of a vast machine for which his mind has been accurately tailored. Youth is always in a hurry to get on with life. The tendency to abandon the humanities and even to despise them may become irresistible.

At present there seems to be no certain way of checking this development. Indeed scholarship itself is losing its wider aspects and instead of embracing the universe is concentrating on minutiae and also inventing a specialized language of its own. Criticism, the art of dissecting human or artistic values, is now deeply influenced by this development. In a recent address before the Modern Language Association Professor Douglas Bush compares George Chapman's old critical preface to the Odyssey with the words of a modern critic on the same theme. Here is Chapman:

> In one, predominant perturbation; in the other, overruling wisdom; in one, the body's fervor and fashion of outward fortitude to all possible height of heroical action; in the other, the mind's inward, constant, and unconquered empire, unbroken, unaltered, with any most insolent and tyrannous infliction.

And here is a critic of this day:

> And thus the great heterogeneity of trends that has often been decried in Spenglerian tonalities as the cultural mongrelism of the decadent megalopolis is here presented again in Spencerian accents of promise (indeed progress).

IN POETRY and the visual arts have we not seen the same transference from the great to the small? Once the poet spoke a language that a man could understand and live by. Now too many of them seem to write for each other, so that the painter and the sculptor now address themselves to smaller and smaller groups of devotees and cultists. It is as if the humanities and the arts were finding for themselves small caves into which they crawled where they might be sheltered from the storms, the blinding rays of the sun, and the eyes of mankind. Is this because of a terror of the future which has seized the intellectual, as Isaac Rosenfeld asks in a recent issue of *Partisan Review*? "Today," he says, "the cultured man is isolated; he may still exist, but his humanity is his own. He cannot share it with anyone (apart from his own exertions) because the cultural form that conveyed humanity and assured the transactions from one man to the next has been destroyed. . . . The death of our old culture came about when the evil greater than evil occurred—which is the terror."

The reader might speculate on whether the cultured man is isolated or, like the poet and the artist, has isolated himself. The terror is, of course, the destructive forces let loose in the world. His essay ends with words of hope which any thinking man may echo. "It is impossible to live, to think, to create without bearing witness against the terror. But once we do so—behold our great theme and occupation, our role, and our language, our tone and our audience—for what else is worth hearing today?" Perhaps this is the answer, however vague, to the decline of true scholarship and culture in education. Once the inquiring mind is awakened to the abyss which yawns before us, the knowledge of how to meet and destroy it may come, and with it the courage, the genius, and the words to reach all men. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Do We Know the Chinese?"

SIR: "Do We Know the Chinese?," by Witter Bynner [*SRL* Jan. 22], is an excellent article and has proven of special interest to Mrs. Andrews and the writer. In March 1917, at Vancouver, we sailed on the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Asia* for Hong Kong. Mr. Bynner was making his first trip to the Orient on this same sailing.

Not as appreciative then, as we are today, of Mr. Bynner's poetry and his obviously remarkable insight in the evaluation of peoples, we now confess that during the Pacific voyage he was known among the passengers as "Bitter Winter." This confession comes with due shame and regret and with this tardy apology to Mr. Bynner.

Compton Pakenham's boyhood experience in Japan reported in this article is also of special interest since the Konoye story of Japanese double morals was also told to the writer by Mr. Pakenham during the early recent war years. Further instances as well were related by the latter, which dealt quite as effectively with the double talk and double dealing of the Japanese—adding further proof of the accuracy of the conclusions drawn by Mr. Bynner in his splendid appraisement of Chinese versus Japanese character.

DON ANDREWS.

Fairhope, Ala.

Percy Scholes

SIR: In *SRL* Jan. 15 I was pained to see, in an otherwise interesting notice of Percy A. Scholes's recent book, "The Great Dr. Burney," that your reviewer refers to Dr. Scholes as "the late Percy Scholes."

Within the last three weeks my brother has exchanged letters with him, and there has been no announcement of his death in the meantime.

NELSON W. MCCOMBS.

New York, N. Y.

Multiple Sources

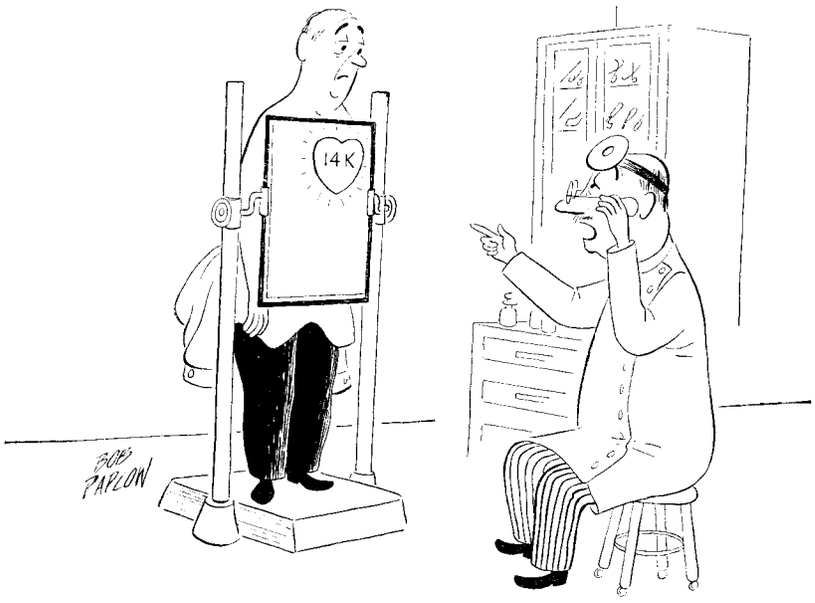
SIR: Much as I enjoyed Mr. Morley's review of Muriel Bowman's "Commentary on the General Prologue to the Canterbury Tales" [*SRL* Jan. 19], I cannot refrain from pointing out that his remark in the last paragraph about Kipling's having taken over his fine story "The King's Ankus" "straight from G. C." may be a little misleading.

Like most of the stories told by the Pilgrims, the "Pardoner's Tale" was a re-telling—with a difference. There are many analogues of this plot of double murder over a treasure from Oriental, Italian, and Germanic sources. An early version is found in the "Vedabbha Jataka" or "Birth Stories" of the Buddha. Since Kipling's story resembles the Hindu tale much more than it does Chaucer's, which is a closer parallel to a German one, it is reasonable to suppose that Kipling was indebted to folk variants still current in India rather than to "G. C."

Incidentally, it was your own professor-critic-editor Henry Seidel Canby who called attention to the Kipling story as an analogue of the "Pardoner's Tale" in an article some years ago, and nominated it the best in prose, and indeed second only to Chaucer's poetic telling. This is the kind of thing that is occasionally brought out of hiding in "the hollow pumpkin of the graduate school."

ESTHER VINSON.

Normal, Ill.



"I'm afraid this is a case for the Treasury Department—you've *really* got a heart of gold."

A Realm of Gold

SIR: On Aug. 7, 1948, you published a confused and confusing review by Stuart Preston of "An Approach to Modern Painting," by Morris Davidson—modern painter, art teacher, writer of books in his field, whose fifteenth one-man show is now in progress at the Feigl Gallery. Preston, seeming to misconceive the author-artist's aim, reproaches him with "taking liberties with thirty centuries of art history," and enunciating "high sounding generalizations." This is hardly fair. Though his frame of cultural reference is wide, Davidson is not writing art history. His judgments, comments, and definitions have been wrung out of him by tough and serious contact with his age and his art. Though subjective, and controversial, sometimes, they are invariably searching and dynamic, often highly intellectual, and stir the reader to keen esthetic observation on his own.

To Davidson modern art is not something phony, capricious, or spewed up by the unconscious mind of the painter. It is a realm of gold, with deep roots in the past. His book, clear-cut and well organized, full of meat, offers the intelligent layman just what his title says—an *approach*, a *key* to a kingdom of pure esthetic delight in which he can be a valuable guide. The illustrations are so brilliantly selected and lucidly explained and compared that the modern painter's secrets, aims, concepts, and derivations become something the layman can assimilate and apply to actual paintings—whether it be abstract, expressionistic, non-objective, or just Picasso or Piero de la Francesca.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Piermont, N. Y.

"Hobson's Choice"

SIR: Re Laura Z. Hobson's protest in behalf of all of us Double-Crostickers, who will soon be blind as bats if you don't rescue us [*SRL* Jan. 22]:

A faithful band (but highly irked)
We've patiently our puzzles worked
With none to care or ask if we
Survived this optic agony.

Calloo callay, likewise hooray!
We rebels see a dawning day
When each DCer, led by Laura,
Finds him free of this dim haura.

In grateful thanks I'll raise my voice
If given this NEW "Hobson's choice"!

WIN ECKHARDT.

Clayton, Mo.

SIR: . . . My only brickbat!

ADDIE W. LADD

Denver, Colo.

SIR: I do agree heartily . . . so much so that I pass up *The Saturday Review*'s slick-paper DC's in favor of the kind that I buy in a book. [Her] letter does something for my ego

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also. Here I have been thinking that other *SRL* subscribers were so highly literate that they could do their DC's without resort to erasures!

MARY KATHARINE REELY.

Glen Lake, Minn.

SIR: I agree with Miss Hobson at least 100 per cent.

GEORGE ROBERTS.

West Hartford, Conn.

SIR: I cannot understand how an author of Miss Hobson's stature can be ignorant of the simple process any confirmed DCer knows must be followed in order to mark the semi-impervious surface of the back cover.

In the first place, the outer, or carborundum, veneer must be softened by soaking. I have found twenty-four hours in a hot solution of Sani Flush effective. Shake off the excess moisture, and while still damp it is possible with a Braille awl, to indent the desired letters in their proper places. When the sheet is completely dry rub the reverse, or embossed, side lightly with a dark pastel crayon; raw umber, or even black. When blown off, this leaves the raised characters in bold relief and by holding it before a mirror you may easily see what you have done. Errors are erased by simply reimmersing the sheet in hot water and starting all over.

Frankly, I am not wholly certain that the surface on which DC's are printed is not part and parcel of Mrs. Kingsley's fiendish ingenuity, calculated to add zest to the sport.

MRS. CARL R. GRAY III.

Sioux Falls, S. D.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We give in. DC's will soon appear on uncoated paper stock.*

Genuine Foreign Policy

SIR: I agree with your recent editorial "The New Frontier" [*SRL* Jan. 1] that MacArthur's land program in Japan should have been followed in Greece. In fact I will go farther and say that if we had used the multi-billions dumped into Europe and Asia to purchase the great estates for resale and businesslike distribution to the landless peasants we would have had such a dynamic and appealing program that Socialism and Communism would be rapidly disappearing as opposing ideologies, and America's democracy would have been hailed by the millions with such enthusiasm as to destroy all opposition. Then we would have a real, genuine foreign policy worthy of the name.

DONALD DESPAIN.

Chicago, Ill.

Bouquet from Britain

SIR: As a British publisher I should like to express the satisfaction which, week by week, *SRL* affords. Not only do you present such an interesting overall picture of current books, but your introductory comments to each section and your editorials make one feel that publishing and reviewing are not merely a business but a *mission*.

I suppose every publisher wonders at times whether his constant search for the ideal book will *ever* be rewarded. If honest with himself, he must admit that the very necessity to publish—for he must keep the wheels turning—forces him to take on books which fall short of his ideal.

Perhaps that is one reason why *SRL* is always a tonic. You never fail to select books which, in your impartial judgment, are significant; and the fact that these are issued under so many imprints—of small as well as large and noted publishers—helps to maintain one's faith that some, at least, of one's own selections are as worth while as inner conviction affirms. The pity is that *SRL* has so few imitators. There is need for a similar treatment of a much larger number of books, in many countries, than is at present available.

Happily, in the case of America and Britain, so many books are now issued on both sides of the Atlantic that *SRL* is virtually an international periodical—another of its tonic aspects. Nothing confirms more clearly our fundamental unity of ideals than the fact that the aspirations of ordinary folk, as reflected in books, are so similar in essentials. That this is true also of the common man in other countries today, as shown by the translations you review, is very encouraging for the future of mankind.

JOHN BENN.

London, Eng.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Benn, a Princeton graduate and an author in his own right, is chairman of the board of Ernest Benn, Ltd., one of England's leading publishing houses.*

The Bard, Again

SIR: I have been disappointed at the wild statements of various letter writers concerning Shakespeare. They all go back to prejudices or to opinion, although about 1900 a demonstration was made of a unique style in Shakespeare's plays and sonnets, independent of opinion.

I think the demonstration was made by Dr. Mendenhall, president of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, who devised what he called the style curve.

He found that most authors used a minor proportion of words one-letter long, a larger proportion of two-letter words, a maximum proportion of three-letter words, and a smaller proportion of four-letter words, and still smaller of longer words.

He found that Shakespeare used more four-letter words than three-letter words, differing widely from Bacon, for example, and from every other author thus analyzed.

As a matter of further interest, it may be stated that one English writer, and only one, used more two-letter words than three-letter words, and he, of all people, was John Stuart Mill, both in his "Political Economy" and in his autobiography.

Dr. Mendenhall published his results in the form of curves, saying that every play of Shakespeare conformed to this test of word length.

I have applied the test to many authors and find that Dr. Mendenhall's curves show all that he claimed.

EDWARD THOMAS.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I started to use the dictionary in reading the letter by Gelett Burgess [*SRL* Feb. 5], and then reflected that I need not do that, for undoubtedly Burgess used one when he wrote it (or some time previous to that moment, according to Locke), and if he knows the meaning of "renitency," why should I bother to look it up?

Unlike the people mentioned in his letter, I don't accuse Mr. Burgess of anything but that one characteristic of many of America's would-be literary gen'men, namely, lack of ability to please or to instruct. That is to say, just like many of the English professors who have ventured into print, from precious John Erskine right on down to Fiedler of Montana, he can parrot the English Augustan and Victorian and post-Victorian critics of English literature, but withal he has nothing intelligent to say.

These professors express and confirm year after year that fundamental characteristic of American society which the metropolitan universities and social groups propagate, i.e. hypocrisy. This trait is implicit in Mr. Burgess's letter in that iconoclasm is therein shown to be permitted only if the iconoclast has a previous degree in image-manufacture, and the icons to be broken are those who by Time and Destiny have become securely insured against breakage. Thus does *SRL* proudly permit Mr. Burgess to break his verbal shafts against the burly bust (1748-49) of William Shakespeare, well knowing that he can do no harm. But let anyone loose a shaft against the fakes of today! . . .

What a situation! Our men of learning, so-called, know nothing of action or of life in the real: and consequently cannot see through the fakes like Hemingway and Caldwell. On the other hand, our men of action know nothing of philosophy or learning; and there we are, with inarticulate do-ers, and ignorant-of-life (would-be) thinkers. So we allow the in-betweens, the just-missed-being-a-soldier-but-couldn't-stand-the-discipline - almost - finished - college school of writers like Steinbeck and Hemingway to pretend to speak for the men of action and teach the would-be thinkers about life.

We need a revolution in literature here in America! But not the kind that glorifies the dregs of society, or pretends to find intellectual interest in the struggle of Joe Blow to pro-

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duce more steel per second than Rosie Rinkle. Discount those who write obviously to feed the obsolete taste of the stupid public; discount the asses who are trying to shock us with lies; ignore the insipidities of the ivory towerites; and try to build a new literature, a good literature, on the abilities of obviously honest, elegant writers, who if they have not had the opportunities of more fortunate people at least have the sincere faith in the thinking part of We the People.

Surely there must be those among America's younger writers who are completely disgusted with the pap which writers of the post-1900 period put out? How about forming a group of "Forward and Back to Real Literature" writers, none of whom is to be under twenty-five years, or an avant-garde writer, or an admirer of anything in contemporary American literature (since 1900) except works of Thomas Wolfe and Sinclair Lewis? (They also must have heard of the Pierian Spring!) Anyone interested, write me. I'm busy, so I won't guarantee to answer.

WILLIAM SMALL.

Rochester, N. Y.

Help Wanted

SIR: I'm trying to obtain some information about Alain Gerbault, the French adventurer, and the number of books he published about his travels in the boat *Firecrest* across the Atlantic and in the South Seas. Also whether there are any biographies about Gerbault published in this country.

JOSEPH KOTCKA.

609 Thompson Ave.
Clairton, Pa.

SIR: Though my book on Stephen Crane (1871-1900) for the American Men of Letters Series is nearly complete, there are still points of such difficulty that I should be grateful if any of your readers could help me with either documents (letters, photostats, or exact transcripts) or reminiscences (if possible, veracious) forwarded to the address below. Material will be returned at once.

JOHN BERRYMAN.

120 Prospect Ave.
Princeton, N. J.

SIR: Can any of your readers trace a missing volume of the diary of John Newton—the friend of William Cowper, Wilberforce, and Hannah More? It was in England a few years ago but may have been sold to an American collector or library. It is dated 1757-72.

BERNARD MARTIN.

Dellwood-Danbury-Essex, Eng.

SIR: I am writing the biography of the late Minnie Maddern Fiske, actress, and am desirous of seeing letters written by Mrs. Fiske, and letters and information concerning her.

Original letters entrusted to me will be carefully handled and returned promptly.

ARCHIE BINNS.

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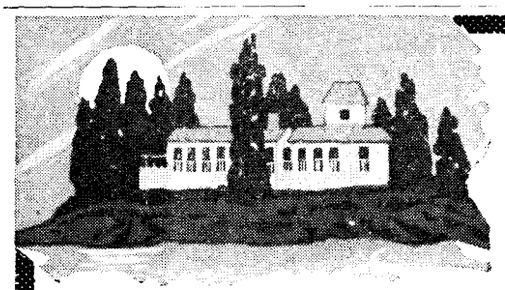

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Seeing Things

CONVERSATION PIECE

IN his course on Carlyle—a memorable one—Bliss Perry used to take off his glasses, hold them in his left hand, and lean forward on the desk as he told this story. Obviously, he relished it. Obviously, so did all his hearers at Harvard who had New England blood in their veins. It was only those of us who hailed from the loquacious South who found it uncomfortable, if not unbearable.

The yarn in question had to do with an evening—supposedly a wonderful, friendly evening—that Carlyle, not always a friendly man, once spent in Tennyson's company. As I recall it, the two men had descended to the kitchen after dinner, there to sit alone before the large open fire and smoke their pipes. How long they sat puffing away, each pursuing his own thoughts, I do not now remember. But I do know (this is what chilled the blood of Southerners as much as it warmed the hearts of Northerners) that they sat in *silence* for many blissful hours. In utter and undisturbed silence. When the time came for him to leave, Tennyson rose, emptied his pipe in the grate, and said to Carlyle (or was it the other way around?), "Thank you. I don't know when I have had such a happy evening."

To Bliss Perry this speechless communion was the finest proof of friendship imaginable. It was the ultimate compliment that each man could bestow on the other. It meant that the understanding between them was beyond the need of words. It implied a fellowship capable of finding pleasure in mere propinquity. It made silence eloquent.

As a person not ungiven to words, I could, and can, comprehend the point academically. But what even now I cannot understand is why Tennyson, Alfred Lord, should have bothered to leave his home that night and seek out the company of a friend if talk was what he wanted to avoid. Certainly, had such muteness been the ideal communication of all the articulate people from Socrates to Stalin, upon whom we eavesdrop in "The Book of Great Conversations"* (*SRL* Jan. 8), Louis Biancolli would have had no book. That is, of course, unless the voids created on page after page by these golden silences were filled in by some such words as "Compliments of a Friend."

We would have lost much if Michelangelo; Rousseau; Voltaire; Dr. Johnson, that grand old bully with the language; Napoleon; Goethe; Hazlitt; Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert, Gautier, and those other wine-lit but sunbright minds that dined at Magny's; Walt Whitman and his birthday-greeters; Shaw; Chesterton; Wells; and even testy old Carlyle himself had always mistaken mum for the word. We would have lost much, too, if no one with a long memory or a good imagination and Boswellian inclinations had been on hand to write down what these men had said soon after they had said it. Yes, and ours would also have been a real loss had not Mr. Biancolli, with infinite patience and with true skill at setting the scene and characterizing his people, assembled from an incredible number of sources these fascinating records of meetings when tongues and minds were exercised and words flew. Among other things we would have lost a stimulating reminder of how different conversation is from talk.

All of us, who can, talk—even when we don't listen. And most of us talk too much. The impulse to talk is what strong men surrender to when they no longer have the strength to remain silent. What steam is to the kettle, talk is to the average mortal, the chief difference being that men and women do not have to come to the boil before releasing it. We talk out of loneliness, curiosity, or because of emotions, observations, or recollections which automatically well up into words. We talk to while away the time. We talk because our spirits demand constant ventilation. We talk because good talk is one of the most delicious of man's pleasures, and even poor talk is one of the most satisfying of his releases.

WE TALK for a thousand reasons. We talk to transact business, to find our way, to gain the importance that comes from being the first to carry bad tidings, to ferret out the news of our friends and tell them ours, to express sympathy or receive it, to advertise our operations, to salute the weather, to indulge in gossip, personal or political, or to repeat a joke. Mainly, however, we talk from the deep-seated, age-old human need to talk. That is one reason why some people, even when they are alone, can be heard mumbling away to themselves, sadly bereft of listeners but happily free therefore of the fear of interruption.

Yet much as we use our tongues, the mere fact that we keep them wagging does not mean that we often

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

Mme. de Stael holding court: "the pleasure [of interrupting] cannot exist in Germany."

* *THE BOOK OF GREAT CONVERSATIONS. Edited by Louis Biancolli. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1948. 370 *pp.* $5.

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Directed by ELIA KAZAN
Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD
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Settings: Boris Aronson. Costumes: Lucinda Ballard
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achieve conversation. Mr. Biancolli's absorbing anthology makes this clear. So does the dictionary. It is mercilessly precise on this point. It insists that to speak is to articulate sounds, however disconnected. The act of talking represents a step forward. It implies connected colloquy or discourse. Conversation is on a still higher, hence rarer, echelon. "No, sir," grumbled Dr. Johnson, "we had *talk* enough but no *conversation*; there was nothing discussed." Each word in the definition of conversation bears not only underscoring but remembering. For to converse is to have an *interchange* in talk of *thoughts* and *opinions*. This sounds at once the deathknell of those monologists to whom speech is a monopoly rather than a cooperative enterprise. It also exiles, as exile it should, all those whose tongues can be industrious while their minds are quiescent.

"What's that you were saying?" the detective asked Gracie Allen in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" when, in the midst of her prattle, she had dropped some important clues. "How should I know?" was her reply. "I wasn't listening." This is at once the limitation and the relaxation of most talk. This is why, quite properly, it rejoices in the name of small-talk. The source of its universal popularity is that it demands no concentration and requires no effort. Frankly, proudly, pleasantly, it is a proof of amiability rather than an exercise of the intellect. In leaving the mind untouched, its skill can be enormous. The maintenance of sound is its chief concern.

It shoots the breeze; it chews the rag. It is as contented as the chirping of crickets and as thoughtless as the buzzing of bees. The manner and matter of its droning are unimportant. The main thing is to have it continuous. Because small-talk, when it is good, admits no such hiatuses as the pause that satisfies. It lacks both the courage and the will to pause. Deeming silence a sign of self-consciousness, fatigue, or indifference, it feels about a pause as nature does about a vacuum. "I must preach and preach and preach," confessed the prophetic figure in Mr. Shaw's "Too True To Be Good," "no matter how late the hour and how short the day, no matter whether I have nothing to say." Small-talkers (and everyone is that most of the time) are under the same happy compulsion to keep on small-talking. We delight in trivia; we relish the unimportant; personalities are our substitutes for ideas; silence is our foe. Words, any words, serve us so long as their flow is constant. Speech for us is a reflex, not an effort. It is breathing wired for

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sound. Voices, our own and others', provide the sweetest music we know.

But, as Mr. Biancolli's great conversationalists demonstrate, talk—large or small—is not conversation. The conversationalist, whether he is Dr. Johnson, Goethe, Wilde, Napoleon, or Shaw, not only expects others to listen to what he is saying but listens to it himself. He is, so to speak, intellectually pink-coated and mounted and in full cry after an idea.

He does not have to be serious. Most frequently, he is at his best when he is not entirely sober. If his tongue is loosened, so are his mind and spirit. The two of them are liberated in conjunction; fired by the stimulation of the right company, the right evening, the right mood, the appealing subject, the moment's quickening challenge. The potative approach to such an evening does not hurt. Wine has been known to help; even hemlock has produced memorable words. Yet, if small-talk can sound like conversation late at night, glass in hand, a sure test of true conversation is that its champagne is not flat the morning after or when decanted in print.

The conversationalist is bound to think quickly. He thrives on instantaneous combustion. If he is among equals, he must be as prepared for the parry as he is for the thrust. He must interrupt and welcome interruptions. These are the joy, the ignition, the life of a conversation. A good conversation (see the Goncourts' accounts of the Magny dinners, or Hazlitt's delectable and justly famous report of a Thursday at the Lambs') is a long series of contributive interruptions. They are, however, interruptions which add to the subject discussed rather than lead away from it.

Since wit is his weapon and ideas are his interest, the conversationalist must use words accurately. This is where language comes into the picture. This is what Madame de Stael had in mind when she contrasted French and German as conversational releases. "No language," wrote she, "is more clear and rapid [than the French], none indicates more lightly or explains more clearly what you wish to say." German, she insisted, accommodates itself much less easily to the precision and rapidity of conversation. "By the very nature of its grammatical construction, the sense is usually not understood until the end of the sentence. Thus the pleasure of interrupting, which, in France, gives so much animation to discussion, and forces one to utter so quickly all that is of importance to be heard, this pleasure cannot exist in Germany. . . . Every man must be left in possession of all the space he chooses to demand." Although Madame de Stael admitted that this might be "more civil" and "better for the purpose of getting to the bottom of things," she deplored the liveliness thus sacrificed.

How reliable the transcripts of these conversations are that Mr. Biancolli permits us to enjoy, there is no way of knowing. Unquestionably, some of them are as deliberately rouged as Laurence Housman's reconstruction, many years afterwards, of a dinner with Oscar Wilde in Paris; or as suspect as the account of Napoleon's family reunion in the Tuileries on the eve of his coronation. Even so, the essence and spirit of most of Mr. Biancolli's conversationalists are amazingly present. It is too bad that their facial expressions, gestures, and the tones of their voices could not be reproduced along with their words, since all of these are part and parcel of good talk. They are the scenery, the costumes, and the lighting of colloquy.

For those of us who might like to cease being talkers and become conversationalists, there are several lessons to be learned from Mr. Biancolli's volume. First of all, it is interesting to note the restraint with which the men and women whose speech is worthy of recording have made use of the anecdote. Though the mainstay of after-dinner speakers and traveling salesmen, and often a delight, the anecdote when used as an end in itself is fatal to conversation. Unless it illustrates a point, it derails the main idea. It can, of course, be both apt and amusing. If, however, it is only amusing, it is an irrelevance to which the true conversationalists have refused to surrender. One trouble with the anecdote is that too often it smacks of being a dusty piece exhumed from one's repertoire. Hence it lacks the improvisation essential to conversation.

Another thing. Precious few of Mr. Biancolli's verbalists waste much time talking of their families, stirring memories, or indulging in quotations. They seem to have known without being told that the business of a real conversationalist is not to remember what someone else has said but to say something which someone else will want to remember.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

DAILY DIET

(*Continued from page 8*)

mainly a struggle of each for himself and for his party. If, on the other hand, he is disgusted with the whole thing, he is as likely as not to feel that these great areas of our common concern are such a dirty mess that no decent persons would want to be contaminated by mixing in with them. In this event, he chooses the immature way of political irresponsibility.

It is no small matter to shape men's expectations. Men live by what they learn to expect of life. Where they learn, as too often through the newspapers, to expect life to be patterned by hostility, they will, in their own defense, equip themselves to be hostile. Life will be for them then a preparation for everlasting fight rather than a training for the high art of living together.

That our newspapers have been in many respects a cultural asset goes almost without saying. With their enormous coverage of news, they have done wonders to release us from our old parochialisms and to help us to move out of our squeezed local environments into the total world. Also in many cases, they have been valiant exposers of evil and valiant fighters for the human decencies.

One of the hopeful signs in newspaper journalism is the vogue of the columnists. Here, save for a notorious few who peddle hate and innuendo are newspaper men and women who invite the reader to a daily session of thinking things through. Columnists, like the rest of us, have their different slant on things; but they do not exploit these in order to attract their following. Day after day they ask their readers to act their mature age by opening their minds to problems that are current. Most hopeful of all is the fact that this thinking approach in the newspapers has eminently succeeded. Columnists are now indispensable to every good newspaper—which is one indication that for the average reader catastrophe is not the only thing that attracts. The average reader wants also to know his way around in his very confused and challenging world.

Newspapers have also become increasingly a kind of circulating library of scientific and cultural information. While they still exhibit some of the old disregard for accuracy, mixing fantastic prediction with research in an indiscriminate and confusing conglomerate, they now do show a fairly high sense of responsibility in circulating scientific news and cultural achievement. To be sure, they now all too frequently substitute

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psychological and medical fantasies for the old ones of physics and chemistry, but on the whole their reliability grows with the years. The effect upon the mind of the average reader, therefore, is one of increasing enlightenment in areas where he needs to keep abreast of the advancing world.

A word shall be said of the increasingly sane attitude newspapers are taking toward prejudice and civil rights. Not only in news reports but in editorials they now play down the emotion-laden words and the emotion-arousing ideas that formerly were their stock-in-trade, thereby improving human relations. In many cases, newspapers have proved themselves to be courageous defenders and promoters of the rights of men; in some instances they were located in communities where those rights were not yet generally acknowledged and they thus imperiled their business success.

The newspaper, like the members of the human race, needs to grow into maturity. In its hot pursuit of the screaming headline, the catastrophe, and the near-catastrophe, the newspaper betrays its immaturity. To paint a picture of life that is violently out of proportion is not a mature way of reporting life. To increase, through such reporting, the anxieties, fears, and hostilities of men is not a mature way of acting responsibly. If the newspaper is to grow up in psychological age, it will have to substitute for its present vested interest in catastrophe a concern for helping members of the human race learn the art of living together.

H. A. Overstreet, professor emeritus of philosophy at the City College of New York, is author of "Our Free Minds" and other books. This essay is drawn from his newest work, "The Mature Mind," to be published this spring by W. W. Norton.

The Film Forum

SCANDINAVIA AND CANADA

***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The travelog is a classical movie genre. It has led a hale and healthy life for more than fifty years, and shows no signs of senility today. What is strange is that most of the arts have moved on during the last couple of generations, while the travelog has stood still. Even travel books have felt the change. Baedeker, with his four stars and his ". . . which leads to (20 min.) the summit (view)*" is now as outdated as the gentlemen in cloth caps and the ladies in motoring veils who consulted his pages. Today's guide books to distant countries make livelier reading. Not so the film travelog. It is still wrapped in the fogs of the past. Everything must be "typical," everything "traditional." But typical of what? In what tradition? We are never told. The four travel films reviewed below are all good examples of their class: varied in content, vivid in color, bringing to us many things we have not seen before—but adding almost nothing to our sum of knowledge, only to our sum of platitudes. One day someone will produce a gay and intelligent travelog. It should make a fortune.*

MAJESTIC NORWAY

Produced for the Norwegian Information Bureau, New York. Availability: Films of the Nations, 55 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. In color. (20 mins.)

Starting high up in the mountains, this film leads us down by tortuous mountain highways toward the sea. On the way we pass the big hydro-electric stations which have made Norway one of the most intensely electrified countries in the world. Almost everything makes use of water power; grinding mills, sawmills, flour mills, small and large, are operated by the free power of the almost universal waterfall. We see next the little farms where every corner of useful land is tilled, and the farmers take fullest advantage of the short growing season and the twenty hours of summer sunlight. So we reach the fjords, the only highway between many thriving communities and an outlet to Norway's great source of wealth—the sea.

Here the film loses direction and wanders off on a tour of Norwegian cities: Bergen, Trondheim, Oslo. An air trip takes us on a rather breathless visit to Lapland, and the film closes with a picture of Oslo and its fine modern architecture and magnificent schemes of social welfare. Color: mediocre.

PICTURESQUE DENMARK

Produced for the Danish Information Bureau, New York. Availability: as above. In color. (20 mins.)

This sight-seeing tour of Denmark starts in Copenhagen, wanders through the islands, and eventually returns to the capital city. Obviously, Denmark is a country with a delicate flavor, like a rare blend of tea, and does not yield itself to the heavy and awkward approach of this kind of film. A few engaging oddities stand out, like the stork nesting on the top of a telephone pole, and the chimney sweep who rides to his work in a top hat on a bicycle. Everyone rides bicycles, as the most practical transportation in a small and flat country; and the bicycle becomes a mark of the absence of class distinctions.

Superficial as this film is, it cannot altogether ignore Denmark's great housing program and cooperative farms, and it pays an uncomprehending tribute to Copenhagen's clean and modern architectural forms. At least two shots are devoted to the famous Grundvig Memorial Church.

The intending visitor will also find in this film a barrelful of "traditional" and "picturesque" sights, but they cannot altogether hide the simplicity and good sense of a country which has managed to survive the German invasion without ruin or recrimination. Color: good.

PICTURESQUE SWEDEN

Produced for the Swedish Information Bureau, New York. Availability: as above. In color. (20 mins.)

This film follows exactly the same pattern as the other Scandinavian pictures reviewed here. It takes us on a visit to Sweden's great castles and chateaux, pays passing tribute to housing programs and cooperatives, and carries us on a canal trip through the green and pleasant countryside. We briefly see Gripsholm and Uppsala, and take a boat trip to Gottland, where more time is spent on a very ordinary looking beach than on the world-famous fortified city of Visby. This film also includes a brief journey northward to Lapland. Color: excellent.

INTRODUCTION TO GASPÉ

Produced for Canadian National Railways by the National Film Board of Canada. Availability: N.F.B., 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

The peninsula of Gaspé, Indian for "Land's End" and scene of the first French landing in North America, has long been reputed as "quaint," and this film adds its full quota of quaintness. However, there is a pleasant sequence on the famous old fishing village of Percé, with its Roche Percé, and a boat trip to the neighboring Bonaventure Island, a seabird sanctuary, where the birds are so carefully protected from disturbance that even the blowing of boat whistles in the vicinity is forbidden. The film also includes a number of very clear maps, which are regrettably wanting in the three Scandinavian pictures. Color: good.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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NO—CHURCH'S LAND

(Continued from page 19)

sermons. "The Best of John Henry Jowett" and "The Best of Studdert Kennedy" have already been published, with others scheduled to follow.

The reverberations of a far-reaching theological controversy in Protestant circles are felt in many of the more weighty books. Reinhold Niebuhr in this country and Karl Barth and Emil Brunner on the Continent are leading exponents of the school of thought variously called "realistic" or "neo-orthodox." Accepting Dostoievsky and especially Kierkegaard as their spiritual forebears, these theologians reject the concept of evolutionary perfectionism inherent in much liberal theology. They deny that the history of mankind is the record of inevitable progress onward and upward, and that this process has within itself the power to redeem mankind from evil. On the contrary, they reaffirm the historic Christian doctrine that man is inherently evil and can be redeemed only by the supernatural power of God.

The issues in this very high-level controversy are to be joined in two books to be published in early 1949: "Faith and History" (Macmillan), by Reinhold Niebuhr (March), and "The Directive in History" (Beacon Press), by Henry Nelson Wieman (March). Despite Henry Luce's effort to popularize Niebuhr and his school, let no one think that either of these books will read like an article in *Time*. But books like these will color the religious thinking of Protestant leaders for years to come.

For a comprehensive view of the state of non-Roman Christianity throughout the world nothing has been published in our time to compare with the omnibus volume of the Amsterdam Assembly series, "Man's Disorder and God's Design." With many of the great religious leaders of the world contributing, this is an epoch-making report issuing out of one of the most significant church gatherings since the Reformation.

All in all, judging by the religious books published in 1948, religion is far from being a dead issue in the life of America.

The Bible, of course, continues to be the best seller of all.

Kenneth D. Miller is president of the New York City Mission Society. An ordained Presbyterian minister, Dr. Miller has been active in interdenominational work.

Religious Book Notes

WILLIAM TEMPLE, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: HIS LIFE AND LETTERS, by F. A. Iremonger. Oxford University Press. $6.50. The late William Temple is acknowledged to have been one of the truly great Christian leaders of our generation. He was the head of a conservative church and yet leftist in his social philosophy and broad and liberal in his attitude toward other churches. One might wish that the author had included fewer letters and given more of an interpretation of his extraordinarily busy and useful life. However, it does reveal how one broad-gauged churchman could make his influence felt in social reform, in education, in politics, in international relations, as well as in theology and ecclesiastical life.

* * *

CHRISTIANITY AND COMMUNISM, by John Bennett. Association Press. $1.50. Professor Bennett was the chairman of the Committee of the World Council of Churches which produced the much discussed report on capitalism and Communism. This little book presents clearly the issues between Communism and Christianity (not capitalism). Professor Bennett believes that Communism as a faith and a system of thought is compounded of half-truth and positive error. But he maintains that the errors of Communism are in large part due to the failures of Christians to be true to the revolutionary implications of their faith. A calm, penetrating discussion shedding light on a subject which usually generates but heat.

* * *

MORE THAN WE ARE, by Marguerite H. Bro. Harper. $1.50. Devotional books are apt to be thought of as pious reading for pious folk. This little book is of a much higher order. We all want to be "more than we are," the author maintains. She then outlines a program to realize this ambition: a program of prayer. This book does not content itself with dissertations about prayer, but shows the reader how to pray. Inspirational and practical, satisfying as to content and style, all seekers for a deeper spiritual life should welcome this book.

* * *

HIGH ROAD IN TARTARY, by L'Abbe Huc. Translated from the French by Julie Bedier. Scribner's. $3. The high adventure often entered into by missionaries in the pursuit of their work is exemplified in this tale of exploration and travel a hundred years ago. The journeys of two Lazarist missionaries through the wastelands of "Tartary" and Tibet while studying the philosophy of the Buddhist Lama-series provide a thrilling tale. William Hazlitt first discovered this story and translated it from the French in 1851. This is an abridgement and revision of his work. It is exciting reading.

* * *

MAN'S DISORDER AND GOD'S DESIGN, edited by Henry P. Van-Dusen. Harper. $5. The meeting of the World Council of Churches at Amsterdam last summer has been described as "the greatest church meeting since the Reformation." This omnibus volume contains not only the reports submitted to the Council by its four major study sections but the papers prepared in advance of the meeting for the consideration of these sections. The reports and papers are presented under the four subject headings around which the Council was organized: (1) The Universal Church and God's Design; (2) The Church's Witness to God's Design; (3) The Church and the Disorder of Society; (4) The Church and the International Order. These papers cover most of the problems confronted by organized religion in every part of the world. Further, they deal with all aspects of human life: politics, economics, morals, social conditions, theology, philosophy, psychology, and ethics. The contributors include most of the leading churchmen of the Protestant world and some of the Eastern Orthodox Church. The papers of John Foster Dulles and Professor J. L. Hromadka, of Prague, and the report on capitalism and Communism are particularly timely. —K. D. M.

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A Life of Christ

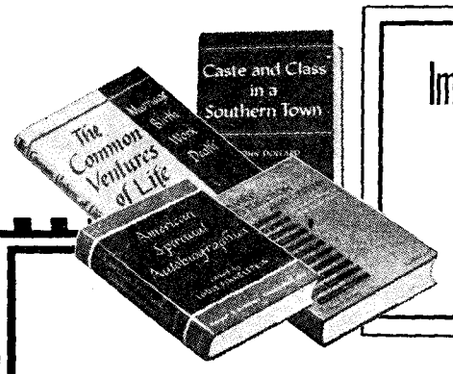
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD. By Fulton Oursler. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 299 pp. $2.95.

Reviewed by RILEY HUGHES

THE Bible, Mr. Oursler seemed to find in his rounds as editor and lecturer, has relinquished its traditional place as America's best-read book. From being the "front-porch talk" of his boyhood, the once familiar phrases of the New Testament failed of recognition with his Pullman companions and fellows on the lecture platform. That discovery and his personal rediscovery of the Bible story a decade ago in the Holy Land set Mr. Oursler to thinking and to writing this book. While the manuscript was in the writing he supplied from it story outlines and suggestions to the script writer of his radio program, also entitled "The Greatest Story Ever Told" and now entering its third year.

This book is a life of Christ. Through a series of episodes (each a "dramatization" of an event or parable, with an occasional commentary) and through almost as many shifts of focus as there are episodes, Mr. Oursler is able to adumbrate the narrative of the synoptic Gospels and to fashion with reverence and a certain rugged honesty "A Tale of the Greatest Life Ever Lived." In the first sketch, Joseph is among the shavings of his carpenter shop before the betrothal to Mary; in the last, the wily old Annas has a feeling, shortly after the Resurrection, that he and Caiphas have blundered. Whatever the vagaries of his quasi-dramatic method, the author intends his narrative in no Pickwickian sense. Christ's humanity and divinity are accepted simply, literally, and fully. "With much help and counsel," Mr. Oursler says in his preface, "I have told here the great story once more—the story of the greatest event in human history. For once upon a time and long ago it actually happened, according to the faith of true believers, among which the author counts himself."

The battle of idiom, that pitfall of so many an historical novelist, plagues Mr. Oursler and is responsible for more than one unsure touch. Nothing quite so breezy as Lloyd Douglas's current references to "the Zebedee boys" appears in these pages, but one is told that Herod was hyperthyroid and that Marc Antony was his "great chum." The Holy Family, perhaps inescapably, become DP's in Egypt. A glancing allusion to the "third of a nation" phrase of not too



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ancient a history provides a needless jar, as does the reflection that "something in their chemistry" distinguishes Joseph from his friend Samuel. On one unhappy occasion Joseph replies, "Right, my beloved," to a question from Mary. The Resurrection is called a "post-mortal appointment" only once, but the phrase haunts the unwilling memory. Surely the author's commentary is not at its most fortunate when Christ's gentle rebuke to Martha is thus interpreted: "Jesus was opening the door to Mary, the modern woman, when He encouraged her intellectual rebellion."

Yet the book contains many passages of quiet conviction and rightness of phrase and tone. There are not a few moments of firm outline and vivid color, reminiscent of the qualities of real life in the painting of Georges de La Tour. Mr. Oursler can convey the conditions of the struggle between formalism and spirit, and many of his best scenes reflect the irreconcilable clash of the old way and the new. The drama of the arrest in the garden, of the trials before the Sanhedrin and Pilate, and of the last hours is effectively told. Perhaps the book's flaws and its excellences both will conspire to send its readers (as Mr. Oursler certainly would wish) once again to the pages of the Gospel.

Riley Hughes, contributor to Commonwealth and other Catholic publications, is instructor at Georgetown University.

The Stone

By Sean Purser

THE old stone
In the middle of the stream
Hears nothing else
The whole day long
But the sound of soft water
That coils and flows
Past, and the shuffle
If the wind in the boughs.

Who would not exchange
His life with the stone,
To hear nothing else
The whole day long
But the soft shuffle
Of the wind blowing
And the slip-slip
Of water flowing?

The sound of undying
Life is there
In running water
And eddying air:
Who would not listen
Time without end
To the sound of soft water
And the eddy of wind?

On the First-Easter Morning

AND THE THIRD DAY . . . Edited by Sir Herbert Grierson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 297 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

SIR HERBERT GRIERSON has gathered this anthology around one central theme—that for Christians the final confirmation of the doctrine of resurrection is what took place on the first Easter morning. "With the truth of that story," he says in his introduction, Christian doctrine stands or falls.

> Easter is the great day of the Christian year. Christmas may have homely and tender associations, but Easter is the birthday of the Christian hope so eloquently expounded by St. Paul. On that day finally Life and Immortality were brought to light. On that fact Christian Hope is based . . . the sole object of Christian hope is life beyond the grave. The Christian has no better reason for being hopeful about the way things on earth will fall out for him or her than any other person.

The opening selections in the book have been taken from the Old Testament and from Greek and other classical authors, and are included according to the editor, as "more or less consciously pointing forward to, anticipatory of some assurance of a life after death, a craving for immortality." Selections from the Apocrypha and the New Testament are followed by three cantos of Dante's "Paradise," and thereafter by an impressive gallery of great English Christian writers from Donne and Bacon through Gerard Manley Hopkins. A singularly persuasive quotation from Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past" is the only latter-day, non-English passage included. Some of the quotations are well known and much loved, but others, and among them the most striking and beautiful, are possibly less familiar. Here, for instance, is a part of a sermon by Lancelot Andrewes, of whom T. S. Eliot has written, "His sermons are too well built to be readily quotable; they stick too closely to the point to be entertaining. Yet they rank with the finest English prose of their time, of any time."

Fit accompaniment of these varied literary expressions of man's hope are the illustrations, chosen for the book by John Rothenstein, the director of London's Tate Gallery. Ranging from Duccio's "Raising of Lazarus" to Houthuesen's "Supper at Emmaus," we see in these widely differing plastic expressions of a central theme a single passionate conviction. Four handsome color plates, from paintings by Ford Madox Brown, Giovanni Bellini, Titian, and William Blake, and beautifully designed pages, in fine, large print embellished with red initial letters, add greatly to the book.

In a short time now the newspapers will be filled with what the retail trade considers suitable Easter gifts—azalea trees, may heaven forgive us, with trunks wrapped in satin ribbon, and milk chocolate crosses reposing in a mosaic of jelly beans. Though it is always officious to recommend some particular use for a book, and the suggestion of "gift book" seals almost any volume into a particularly dismal class, "And the Third Day . . ." would surely, I have the temerity to suggest, be an ideal Easter selection for those whose concern with the day rises beyond a new bonnet and dress. Provocative, moving, and eloquent, this is a book to reach out for in a sleepless night, to keep on the table next a hospital bed.

Resistance in Russia

GOD'S UNDERGROUND. By Father George as told to Gretta Palmer. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc. 1949. 296 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by I. D. W. TALMADGE

THAT there are Russians in Stalinist Russia who dislike Stalinism will surprise no one except the starry-eyed fellow travelers. For every Victor Kravchenko who "chose freedom" there are undoubtedly millions behind the Iron Curtain who wish they had the chance. It is known that every month more than two thousand Russians escape to the American zone, risking their lives to flee from the Soviet "paradise."

What is perhaps not known generally is that there exists inside Russia—under the very eyes of the ubiqitous, all-powerful secret police—an *organized* resistance movement. How this movement operates is told for the first time, to my knowledge, by Father George in his "God's Underground."

Father George (whose real name and diocese are not disclosed) is a Croat priest. He had been a physician and a professor of sociology in his native Yugoslavia before he joined the Catholic priesthood. When his homeland was invaded by the Nazis, he organized an underground Christian youth movement. Hounded by Gestapo

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agents, he abandoned his clerical garb and fled to the hills. There he established contact with the Partisans.

For about a year thereafter Father George served incognito as an officer of the Partisan militia. In time, the Partisans were reinforced by Red Army units. From some of the men and officers in the Red Army, he learned of "God's underground" in Russia, a religious resistance movement.

One of the members of this movement, a Soviet general, gave Father George a military pass to the Soviet Union. In his disguise as a Partisan officer, the priest spent six months in 1945 traveling throughout Russia. In villages, towns, in Moscow itself, he secretly met with workers of the underground. They were from all strata of the population, including high Soviet Government officials.

There are startling revelations in Father George's report on the temper and mood of the Russian masses. There is widespread discontent and even open defiance of the Soviet regime. Particularly bitter are the returning Red Army men who had been exposed to the capitalist "fleshpots" in Central Europe.

The Government-approved Orthodox Church, he says, is distrusted by the Russian people and regarded by them as a stooge of the Communist regime. Father George believes that even this puppet church will not long be tolerated by the Soviet authorities. It is useful to them now as a propaganda instrument, notably in the newly-acquired Soviet territories.

Primarily Father George's contacts were with the religious underground in Russia. But there is in addition a strong resistance movement founded on political opposition to the regime. After every purge its numbers grow. Each time the MVD (secret police) sentences someone to a concentration camp, it makes enemies of his relatives and friends.

Father George's record in converting Communists to the Catholic faith rivals that of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen. "Before I left the city [Moscow]," he relates, "I had baptized seven members of the MVD, heard their confessions and given them their first Communion in my little room in the very center of the Soviet secret police!"

Escape

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

POOR tortured devils who must think!
Some take to drug and some to drink.
Some turn to love, and others, dafter,
Anesthetize themselves with laughter.

The New Religious Books

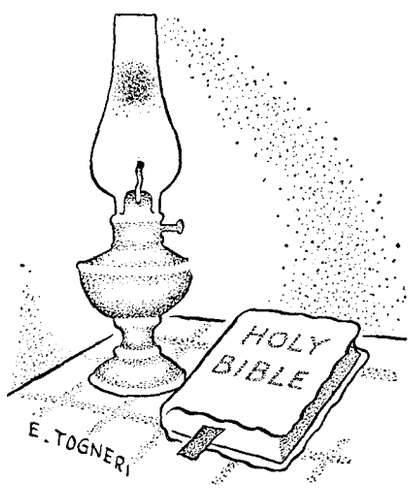
A Round-up of Recent and Forthcoming Works

Religion and the World Today

THE BIBLE AND HUMAN RIGHTS. By Kathleen MacArthur. Woman's Press. $2.50. The Biblical bases for the rights of human beings treated in the report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights and the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights. (Mar. 2.)

THE CHURCH'S MINISTRY IN OUR TIME. By Henry Knox Sherrill. Scribner's. $2. Discussing these times we live in, Bishop Sherrill says, "The world is either a meaningless tragedy or it is God's world. There is the choice which confronts every man and every generation, and which presses so desperately upon us all today."

CIVILIZATION AND RELIGIOUS VALUES. By Henry D. A. Major. Macmillan. $2. Essays



on religion in modern civilization by the editor of *The Modern Churchman.*

GOD'S UNDERGROUND. By Father George as told to Gretta Palmer. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. A Croat priest, who traveled incognito through Soviet Russia for many months, reports on the underground religious movement there and the regrowth of Christian faith in spite of government opposition. Reviewed in this issue.

MAN'S DISORDER AND GOD'S DESIGN. Harper. $5. A one-volume edition comprising the papers read at the Amsterdam Assembly last summer: "The Universal Church in God's Design," "The Church's Witness to God's Design," "The Church and the Disorder of Society," and "The Church and the International Disorder."

NEW DAWN IN JAPAN. By Everett F. Briggs. Longmans, Green. $2.75. A Maryknoll missionary, who was interned in Japan during the war, evaluates the opportunities for Christianity in that country in the new era.

*RECOVERY OF MAN. By F. R. Barry. Scribner's. $2.50. The Bishop of Southwell, England, sees the opportunity of the Church to provide the faith and hope needed in the world today. (Apr.)

*RELIGION AND EDUCATION UNDER THE CONSTITUTION. By James M. O'Neill. Harper. $4. The problem of separation of church and state in relation to some vital issues today and in its historical significance. (Mar. 30.)

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. By Cecil Northcott. Macmillan. $2. Though religious liberty is quite taken for granted in the English-speaking countries today, the author, who is home secretary of the London Missionary Society, points out the many large areas of the world where it does not exist.

REMAKING THE WORLD. By Frank Buchman. McBride. $3. Addresses on moral rearmament by the founder of the Oxford Group and others.

SERMONS FOR THE NEW AGE. Edited by Sam Nader. Morehouse-Gorham. $3. A collection of sermons by American ministers on the troubles of the modern world and the Christian answers to them.

YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD. By James Keller. Longmans, Green. $3. Showing the "little people" who feel they are helpless in the face of the world's problems how they can play important parts if they really want to. By the founder of the Christopher movement. Reviewed in *SRL* Jan. 8.

Easter Gifts

AND THE THIRD DAY. Edited by Sir Herbert Grierson. Macmillan. $3.50. A beautiful book of paintings by some great masters, illustrating selections from the world's great literature of man's desire for immortality. Reviewed in this issue.

THE BELLS OF HEAVEN. By Christopher Bick. Dodd, Mead. $3. Beautifully illustrated with pictures by Lauren Ford, this is a vivid story of Joan of Arc, told simply and imaginatively. For children or adults.

FROM THE NILE TO THE WATERS OF DAMASCUS. By Dr. William Arndt. Concordia. Covering Egypt, Lebanon, Syria—the places of Jesus's life and ministry. Illustrated.

GOLDEN LEGENDS: GREAT RELIGIOUS STORIES FROM ANCIENT TO MODERN TIMES. Edited by Samuel Cummings. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $4.

I, PAUL. By Lester A. Wolf. Concordia. $2.95. A novel based upon the life of the Apostle Paul and written in the first person.

LATE HAVE I LOVED THEE. By Ethel Mannin. Putnam's. $3. A novel telling how a cynical young man of the Twenties becomes a Jesuit after a crisis in his life.

THE PASSION OF THE INFANT CHRIST. By Caryll Houselander. Sheed & Ward. $1.75. Lenten spiritual reading for all denominations. March selection of the Catholic Literary Guild. (Mar.)

Faith for Everyday Living

THE ADVENTURE OF PRAYER. By Donald James Campbell. Abingdon-Cokesbury. $1.25. Guidance in seeking God's strength and peace for daily living. (Mar. 22.)

THE AUDACITY OF FAITH. By Allan A. Hunter. Harper. $1.75. How to find a new meaning in modern life through prayer and an appreciation of spiritual values.

THE COMMON VENTURES OF LIFE. By David Elton Trueblood. Harper. $1. On the religious significance of the common human adventures of marriage, birth, work, and death.

A GUIDE TO CONFIDENT LIVING. By Norman Vincent Peale. Prentice-Hall. $2.75. A popular book which offers counsel in meeting life's problems, with many illustrative anecdotes. The author, who is minister of the Marble Collegiate Church in New York, which maintains a psycho-religious clinic, bases his guidance upon a combination of religious teachings and psychiatric principles.

GUIDEPOSTS. Edited by Norman Vincent Peale. Prentice-Hall. $1.95. How faith has worked in the lives of many. True incidents related by a variety of well-known people from Eddie Rickenbacker and H. I. Phillips to J. Edgar Hoover and Dorothy Canfield.

*HOW RELIGION HELPS. By Albert W. Palmer. Macmillan. $1.75. The stimulation of religion for convalescents. (Mar.)

HUMAN ADVENTURES IN HAPPY LIVING. By William LeRoy Stidger. Revell. $2. True stories of ordinary men and women who have incorporated Christian ideals into their daily lives.

JOY AND STRENGTH. Selected by Mary W. Tileston. AS A MAN THINKETH. By James Allen. KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE. By Frances Ridley Havergal. PRAYERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN. Selected by Mary W. Tileston. Grosset & Dunlap. 75¢ each. Four inspirational books to be published at a new popular price.

PEACE OF SOUL. By Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen. Whittlesey House. $3. To find peace of soul, Monsignor Sheen directs the reader to turn away from the explanations of psychoanalysis toward a forgiving God. (Mar. 30.)

*THE REAWAKENING OF CHRISTIAN FAITH. By Bernard Eugene Meland. Macmillan. $2. A call to a better understanding of

* Tentative prices.

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existence in the perplexities of this ominous modern world through a reawakened faith. (Mar.)

*SECULAR ILLUSION OR CHRISTIAN REALISM. By D. R. Davies. Macmillan. $2. A satiric deflation of modern man's besetting sin of pride, showing what the effect of reliance upon God is instead.

*TRIUMPHANT PERSONALITY. By Robert Clyde Yarbrough. Macmillan. $2. Points the way to triumphant living through faith in the midst of disappointment, discouragement, and fear. (Mar.)

YOU, AND THOUSANDS LIKE YOU. By Owen Francis Dudley. Longmans, Green. $2.50. Father Dudley points out the difference between existing and living. In "an open letter to the men and women of today," he attacks indifference to religion and shows the fulfillment offered by the Catholic Church. (Mar.)

YOU LIVE AFTER DEATH. By Harold Sherman. Creative Age Press. $2. An inspirational book on the universal desire for immortality.

Religion in Individual Lives

*C. S. LEWIS, APOSTLE TO THE SKEPTICS. By Chad Walsh. Macmillan. $2.50. A study of the author of "The Screwtape Letters" and an evaluation of his literary work. (May.)

*THE COST OF DISCIPLESHIP. By Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Macmillan. $2.50. The semi-mystical convictions that led to self-sacrifice and a martyr's death in Nazi Germany. With a memoir of Dietrich Bonhoeffer by G. Leibholz, a preface by Reinhold Niebuhr, and a forword by the Bishop of Chichester. (Mar.)

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD. By Fulton Oursler. Doubleday. $2.95. The story of the thirty-three years of the life of Jesus, as recorded by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. A reverent retelling, which is the basis for the radio program of the same title. Reviewed in this issue.

JESUS, SON OF MAN. By George S. Duncan. Macmillan. $3.50. An attempt to reach the historical truth about Jesus and to present a modern portrait.

JOHN ENGLAND . . . AMERICAN CHRISTOPHER. By Dorothy Fremont Grant. Bruce. $3. The life of an influential southern bishop of pre-Civil War times.

LINCOLN AND THE BIBLE. By Charles E. Macartney. Abingdon-Cokesbury. $1.25. On Abraham Lincoln's use of and knowledge of the Bible.

THE NEXT THING. By Katherine Burton. Longmans, Green. $3. The autobiography of a woman who, facing personal and spiritual difficulties, became a successful writer. She has played an active part in American Catholic activities and is now editor of the woman's page of *Sign.* (Apr.)

A PROCESSION OF SAINTS. By James Brodrick, S. J. Longmans, Green. $3. Unusual portraits of English and Irish saints, one for each month in the year. The March selection of the Spiritual Book Associates. (Mar.)

THE QUEST OF THE HISTORICAL JESUS. By Albert Schweitzer. Macmillan. $5. An early study by the famous medical missionary now reprinted.

SAINT PAUL: ENVOY OF GRACE. By Robert Sencourt. Sheed & Ward. $5. The life and work of St. Paul. In the Great Writers of the World Series.

THIS IS LUTHER. By Ewald M. Plass. Concordia. $5. A character study of Martin Luther and a study of his mission.

For Young People

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF BIBLE STORIES. By Arthur W. Gross. Concordia. $2.60. Old and New Testament stories retold and illustrated.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF PRAYER. Comp. by H. W. Gockel and E. J. Saleska. Concordia. $2. Familiar children's prayers. Illustrated.

IN BIBLE DAYS. By Gertrude Hartman. Macmillan. $2.50. A new interpretation of Biblical narratives in historical sequence, with illustrations by Kathleen Voute.

THE MASS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By the Rev. Joseph A. Dunney. Macmillan. $2.50. Explanations of the services, the vestments, the altar vessels, etc., with illustrations by Weda Yap.

TELL ME ABOUT PRAYER. By Mary Alice Jones. Rand, McNally. $2 each. The most recent title in the author's popular series of children's books on religious themes, which also includes "Tell Me About God," "Tell Me About Jesus," and "Tell Me About the Bible," all designed to answer children's queries. Attractively illustrated. The author was formerly director of Children's Work for the International Council of Religious Education.

VITAL FACTS OF LIFE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Carl H. Harman and Edward Marquardt. Concordia. $1.75. (Mar.)

YOUNG CHRISTIANS AT WORK By T. Otto Nall and Bert H. Davis. Abingdon-Cokesbury. $1.75. The true stories of fifteen young people who are putting the principles of Christianity into practice in their work, whatever it may be—in banks, airports, schools, and business of wide variety. (Mar. 15.)

YOUTH ASKS ABOUT RELIGION. By Jack Finegan. Association Press. $2. Pertinent questions that modern young people ask and honest answers on religion, the modern world, evolution, and history, the Bible, the life of Jesus, the various churches, and other subjects. (Mar. 1.)

Classics of Religion

THE AUTHORIZED DAILY PRAYER BOOK. By Rabbi Joseph H. Hertz. Bloch. $5. The first one-volume edition, in Hebrew text and English translation, with commentaries, notes, and introductions by the late Chief Rabbi of the British Empire.

BASIC WRITINGS OF SAINT AUGUSTINE. Ed. by Whitney J. Oates. Random. $10. A fine two-volume edition, with introduction, notes, and index. Boxed.

DOORS INTO LIFE THROUGH FIVE DEVOTIONAL CLASSICS. By Douglas Van Steere. Harper. $2. The inspiration found in "The Imitation of Christ," Francis de Sales' "Introduction to the Devout Life," the Journal of John Woolman, Kierkegaard's "Purity of Heart," and the Selected Letters of Friedrich von Hugel.

THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT. By Luther A. Weigle. Abingdon-Cokesbury. $2. The history of the translation of the New Testament through all its different versions from Tyndale in the sixteenth century to the Revised Standard Version of 1946.

THE ETHICS OF ISRAEL. By Israel H. Weisfeld. Bloch. $2.75. A collection of stories, admonitions, and exhortations on ethical principles of Judaism, ranging in origin from Biblical times to today.

EVERYMAN'S TALMUD. By Rev. Dr. A. Cohen. Dutton. $4.50. A comprehensive summary of the teachings of the thirty-volume Talmud, according to the latest revised text. (Mar. 21.)

JUDAISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Beryl D. Cohon. Bloch. $3.50. The beliefs and ceremonies and their historical background, according to Orthodox, Conservative, and Reformed Judaism.

LEARNING TO PRAY WITH THE CHURCH. By Rev. Canon Vernay Johnstone. Longmans, Green. $1.25. A study of the Book of Common Prayer, particularly appropriate for this year of its four hundredth anniversary. The Bishop of London's Lent Book for 1949.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE BIBLE. By H. G. Moss. Longmans, Green. $2. The historical background of the Lord's Prayer, its relation to all of Christ's teaching, and its influence on the disciples and the early church.

THE LORD'S SUPPER. By Harold E. Fey. Harper. $1.50. Essays on the meaning of the communion service.

THE OLD TESTAMENT; Vol. I: GENESIS TO ESTHER. Sheed & Ward. $7. The first volume of a new translation of the Old Testament by Monsignor Ronald Knox.

PREFACE TO THE BIBLE. By Rev. Gerard Rooney, C. P. Bruce. $2. For a more knowledgeable reading of the Bible. (Mar. 1.)

Denomination and Doctrines

A FAITH FOR YOU. By Brooke Peters Church. Rinehart. $3. For those who have no religious affiliations, but are seeking them, this well-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Beerbohm: "Zuleika Dobson." 2. Hardy: "The Return of the Native." 3. Lewis: "Cass Timberlane." 4. Hersey: "A Bell for Adano." 5. Alcott: "Little Women." 6. Marquand: "H. M. Pulham, Esq." 7. Bennett: "Clayhanger." 8. Dickens: "Oliver Twist." 9. James: "The Turn of the Screw." 10. Huxley: "Point Counter Point." 11. Fitzgerald: "The Great Gatsby." 12. Maugham: "Cakes and Ale." 13. Forster: "Room with a View." 14. Douglas: "South Wind." 15. Galsworthy: "To Let." 16. Steinbeck: "The Grapes of Wrath." 17. Kipling: "Kim." 18. Cozzens: "The Just and the Unjust." 19. Hemingway: "Farewell to Arms." 20. Proust: "The Sweet Cheat Gone."

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rounded reference book presents the main tenets and ways of worship of more than thirty denominations.

THE EMERGENCE OF A WORLD CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. Yale. $2. An optimistic report on signs of unity among the Christian communities.

GETTING THE FAITH YOU NEED. By James Gordon Gilkey. Macmillan. $2. Explaining the modern Protestant outlook in regard to certain beliefs and an affirmation of faith.

*THE HISTORY OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH. By Jules Lebreton, S.J., and Jacques Zeiller. Macmillan. $16.50. The first two volumes of a massive series projected to cover the entire history of the Catholic Church. (Apr.)

HOW CAME OUR FAITH. By W. A. L. Elmslie. Scribner's. $3.25. A study, for the general reader, of the religion of Israel and its significance for the modern world. (Mar.)

*A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Philip Hughes. Macmillan. $3.50. A complete history, from primitive times to today, written for the general lay reader.

THE PURPOSE OF THE GOSPELS. By Dr. Ernest F. Scott. Scribner's. $2.50. An interesting study of the writing of the Gospels and their relations to their own age.

QUAKERS IN THE MODERN WORLD. By William Wistar Comfort. Macmillan. $2.50. The Quaker way of life, the history of the Friends, and a study of their fundamental tenets. A popular history by the President Emeritus of Haverford College.

RELIGION. By Nathaniel Micklem. Oxford. $2. A comparison of the world's great religions, from primitive to more advanced societies, throughout history.

SACRED HISTORY. By Daniel-Rops. Longmans, Green. $4.50. Places the events of the Old Testament narrative in relationship to the history of other civilizations and empires which surrounded Israel and influenced her destiny. March selection of the Pulpit Book Club. (Mar.)

*THE TEACHING OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Edited by Canon George D. Smith. Macmillan. $12.50. An encyclopedia of the Catholic faith in two convenient volumes.

THESE ALSO BELIEVE. By Charles S. Braden. Macmillan. $6. A sympathetic study of thirteen minority religious groups, either founded in America or having their greatest development here, including Jehovah's Witnesses, Father Divine's Peace Mission, New Thought, and Mormonism. (Apr.)

Religion and Philosophy

*BARBARA CELARENT. By Thomas Gilby, O. P. Longmans, Green. $4.25. A lucid introduction to Thomistic philosophy for the general reader. The title is taken from the scholastic doggerel which helps the reader to remember the various types of Thomistic demonstration. (Apr.)

CREED OR CHAOS. By Dorothy Sayers. Harcourt, Brace. $2.25. The problem confronting Christians—a better understanding of the relation between Christian dogma and the Christian way of life. (Mar.)

*FAITH AND HISTORY. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Scribner's. $3. A comparison of Christian and modern views of history by this leading philosopher, author of "The Nature and Destiny of Man." April selection of the Religious Book Club. (Mar.)

THE GREAT BOOKS, A CHRISTIAN APPRAISAL. Edited by Harold C. Gardiner. Devin-Adair. $2. Discussions of the books comprising the first year's program of the Great Books Foundation. By well-known scholars who base their critical appraisals chiefly on Catholic principles.

KIERKEGAARD'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By Reidar Thomte. Princeton. $3.50. An introduction to the Danish philosopher's religious thought.

MAN'S DESTINY IN ETERNITY. Philosophical essays by Arthur Compton, Jacques Maritain, William E. Hocking, F. S. C. Northrop, Reinhold Niebuhr, Maude Royden, Horneil Hart, Charles E. Park and Dean Willard L. Sperry. Beacon Press. $2.75. (Apr. 13).

OUR INHERITANCE OF SALVATION. By Charles G. Brownville. Revell. $1.75. A parallel between civil law and divine law is drawn in this interpretation of the New Testament message of salvation.

PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $5. The impact of modern knowledge on religion, the relationship between reason and religion, and an examination of many modern philosophies.

THE ROAD TO REASON. By Pierre Lecomte du Noüy. Longmans, Green. $3.50. Studies in the relations of science and religion, by the author of "Human Destiny." Reviewed in *SRL* Dec. 4.

SEEDS OF CONTEMPLATION. By Thomas Merton. New Directions. $3. The new book by the author of "The Seven-Storey Mountain," to be published on Ash Wednesday, is a series of meditations, more formal than his popular autobiographical work, but of appeal to others as well as to Catholic readers. (Mar. 2.)

SERMONS AND DISCOURSES. By John Henry Newman. Longmans, Green. $3.50. The seventh and eighth volumes of the new edition of Cardinal Newman's works, edited by Dr. Charles F. Harrold. Forty-nine sermons covering the years 1825-57. (Feb.)

SERMONS OF GOODWILL. Edited by Guy E. Shipler. Association Press. $3. Sermons by Protestant ministers, the first Sermon-of-the-Week Series broadcast under the sponsorship of *The Churchman*

THE SEVEN WAYS OF SORROW. By Alvin E. Wagner and William G. Polack. Concordia. $1.50. Two series of Lenten sermons.

*SOMETHING TO STAND ON. By Lewis L. Dunnington. Macmillan. $2.50. Sermons attempting to reveal the personality of Jesus through the cloud of theological dogma which sometimes obscures his true meaning. (Apr.)

THE STIMULUS OF CHRIST. By Garfield B. Oxman. Revell. $1.50. Radio addresses by the Bishop of the Methodist Church in the New York area.

THINGS THAT MATTER. By Bishop Charles H. Brent. Harper. $1.50. A selection of the best writings of Bishop Brent, prayers, meditations, spiritual instructions, excerpts from his letters, and a statement of beliefs.

VOICES OF LIBERALISM: II. By Albert Einstein, George D. Stoddard, and others. Beacon Press. $2.50. A second symposium in the field of religious liberalism.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE. Beacon Press. $1. The words of Jesus selected from the Gospels by John Scholte Nollen.

*WEAKNESS OF GOD. By the Rev. Luke O'Donnell. Bruce. $2. Seven meditation-narratives on the events of Holy Week.

Aids to Worship

ART AND RELIGION. By Von Ogden Vogt. Beacon Press. $4.50. The application of liturgy, sculpture, architecture, painting, and music to the art of religion.

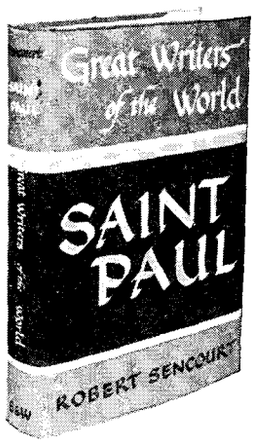
*THE CHURCH SCHOOL TEACHER'S JOB. By Mildred and Frank Eakin. Macmillan. $2.75. Helping the church school teacher to view his job in overall perspective as well as teaching specific skills. (Mar.)

DE LA SALLE EDUCATION. By W. J. Battersby. Longmans, Green. $3. The first work in English on the educational methods of St. John Baptist de la Salle, written by a member of his order.

FOURTEEN PLAYS FOR THE CHURCH. Edited by Kai Jurgensen and Robert Schenkkan. Rutgers. $3. A selection of very worthwhile plays for performance by church groups and societies. Most of them are centuries old, suitable for all denominations. Production, costume, staging, and music suggestions are included for each.

*TWENTY CENTURIES OF CATHOLIC CHURCH MUSIC. By Erwin Esser Nemmers. Bruce. $4. From the first Christian era through the early twentieth century. A scholarly work on Catholic church music, with particular emphasis on Gregorian chant.

—ALICE P. HACKETT.



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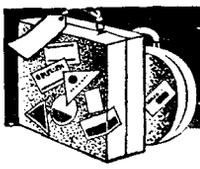

BOOKED *for* TRAVEL

IT'S NOT THE HEAT, IT'S THE INSTABILITY

THE way things have been going this year it seems infinitely more propitious to begin a story about California winter vacations by mentioning the ski areas in the state. If it's inevitable that they have winter out there this year, you might as well relax and enjoy it.

California has nearly a hundred official ski resorts, but there are doubtless a number of informal ones that were developed during the recent spell of frozen sunshine. In the northern part of the state it is *normal* to ski at Mt. Shasta, Lake Tahoe, Lassen Volcanic National Park, and the Modoc National Forest. Yosemite Valley is a warm winter resort, but up on Badger Pass, at 7,300 feet, there's a 3,200-foot T bar, and three 1,000-foot rope tows. If heights don't make your head pound, Lake Ostrander has a famous ski center perched at 8,600 feet. In erstwhile sunny, or southern California you can ski, skate, and throw snowballs at mile-high Lake Arrowhead and Big Bear Lake overlooking a panorama of orange groves, and—recently—smudge pots. You can undergo a chills-and-fever existence, too, at Cuyamaca, a winter sports area near San Diego, just five miles from the sun-baked desert.

If things were going according to Hoyle, or at least according to Thomas A. Blair, senior meteorologist of the U.S. Weather Bureau, southern California is supposed to have a "distinct type of climate . . . similar to . . . few other parts of the world." The other parts are the Mediterranean, morsels of South Africa, Chile, and South Australia. "The lands . . . are famous for their bright sunny days, blue skies, and abundance of fruits and flowers," Blair has said.* I have in hand an excited communique from The All-Year Club of Southern California, which advises that M. Blair convinced himself with these pronunciations, and now resides in the Dry Subtropical climate of La Jolla.

Resorts like La Jolla, Del Mar, Laguna Beach, Santa Monica Bay, Santa Barbara, and the plains of Metro, Goldwyn, and Mayer are open all year long. In the desert, Palm Springs stays open only during the October-to-May season, Death Valley from November through March. It gets too hot the rest of the year. Under the shadow of snow-crested San Jacinto mountain you'll find desert forests of Joshua, the lily that looks like a scarecrow tree, and queer cacti that grow like organ pipes. The mice are shaped like kangaroos, there are turtles that never drink, and the skies are not cloudy all day.

You can wait out the winter in a cabin or a cottage 178 feet below sea level at Furnace Creek Ranch, which is on the floor of Death Valley. Furnace Creek Inn, at sea level, in the center of Death Valley, has a swimming pool and a golf course, and is on the American plan. For information on either you can write the Death Valley Hotel Corp., 510 West Sixth St., Los Angeles. The Del Tahquitz in Palm Springs is built on Hopi Indian lines; the Desert Inn which settles in thirty-five cultivated acres and has a pool, gets $15 a day American plan and up; and the Rossmore, finished two years ago, charges $23 to $30 for two on a modified American plan.

If mud in your eye is your idea of a vacation you can get bathed in the

* *CLIMATOLOGY, GENERAL AND REGIONAL. By Thomas A. Blair. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc.* 484 *pp.* $6.

Fat Tuesday

ABOUT the time this issue hits the newsstands, the New Orleans Mardi Gras will hit the streets. If you're making tracks for the ten-day carnival which ends on Shrove Tuesday, March 1, you'll be booked for travel with:

NEW ORLEANS HOLIDAY. By Eleanor Early. New York: Rinehart. 1947. 293 *pp.* $3.75. A gay and gossipy account by the popular author of a dozen travel books.

MARDI GRAS. By Robert Tallant. New York: Doubleday. 1948. 269 *pp.* $3.50. The inside story, including a Mardi Gras calendar to the year 2000 if you should live so long.

MARDI GRAS DAY. By Ralph Wickiser, Caroline Durieux, and John McCrady. New York: Henry Holt. 1948. 87 *pp.* $3. Thirty drawings and lithographs by three artists done up in a violently colored cover. Something to remember it all by.

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More of the Same

Recent Books on California

San Francisco: Port of Gold. By William Martin Camp. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 518 pp. $5.

Mother Lode Album. By Otheto Weston. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1948. 177 pp. $5.

San Francisco. American Guide Series. New York: Hastings House. 1947. 531 pp. $4.

San Francisco Is Your Home. By Samuel Dickson. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1947. 262 pp. $3.50.

The Franciscan Missions of California. By John A. Berger. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 392 pp. $3.75.

Inside Los Angeles Chinatown. By Garding Lui. Privately printed. 1948. 207 pp. $2.75.

Yosemite Trails and Tales. By Katherine Ames Taylor. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1948. 95 pp. $2.50.

It's An Old California Custom. By Lee Shippey. New York: Vanguard Press. 1948. 290 pp. $3.

Death Valley Handbook. By George Palmer Putman. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1947. 84 pp. $2.

Historic Spots in California. By Hero Eugene Rensch and Ethel Grace Rensch. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1948. 411 pp. $5.

stuff at the famous Arrowhead Hot Springs in San Bernardino, sixty-five miles out of Los Angeles. There are steam caves on the premises, not to mention, masseurs, masseuses, and just plain physicians. Singles start at $6 European or $13.50 American, doubles from $8 and $27. Gilma Hot Springs at San Jacinto has natural vegetable mud baths, if that's any incentive, and at the Soboba Hot Springs Hotel, in the same parish, you can drown your worries in the 100,000-gallon mineral water swimming pool. All this is eighty-nine miles from L. A. in the heart of what they like to call out there, the romantic Ramona country.

—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELERS' TALES

THIS IS SAN FRANCISCO. By Robert O'Brien. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 351 *pp.* $3.75.

By taking each of the city's famous streets and tracing the history that unfolded on them, Mr. O'Brien has produced a combination history, travel book, and sentimental study of San Francisco. A metropolis with personality, San Francisco can take credit for Jim Corbett and for the martini, which was invented by Jerry Thomas, a bartender who mixed drinks with the aid of a $4,000-set of solid silver bar implements. Only in San Francisco since 1939, Mr. O'Brien, a columnist on the *Chronicle*, has become a local authority on the lore of the town. He has written here with sincerity, deep affection, and the wide-eyed appreciation of the newly-enamored.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BOOK. Text by Herb Caen. Photographs by Max Yavno. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 119 *pp.* $5.

It's a good thing the *Chronicle* gives its men enough time off, and doesn't drive them to exhaustion during their time on, or we should never have all these books on San Francisco. Mr. Caen, whose book came out two weeks after Mr. O'Brien's, is also a *Chronicle* columnist. His effort is less historical, more terse, perhaps better suited to the prospective tourist. He, too, has gathered the bits of odd information that enliven a travel book, for that is what this is. The operators in the Chinese telephone exchange have memorized the number of every one of their 2,500 subscribers. In Chinatown you'll find Red's Chinese Bar B-Q operated by Ah Hoong, which means "red" in Chinese. The temperature is rarely over eighty, rarely under forty and you can get a sunburn in the January fog. Mr. Yavno's pictures are really magnificent, and the offset reproduction is among the best I've seen.

LAND IN CALIFORNIA. By W. W. Robinson. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1948. 291 *pp.* $4.

The story of who owns the 158,693 square miles of land in California, and how they came to have the title. It traces the history of the settlers from the Indian days through the Spaniards, Mexicans, the few Russians, and finally the Americans. It discusses shotgun titles and land grants to railroads, altogether great stuff for real-estate people, historians, tax experts, but not much for the plain, ordinary traveler. By the vice president of the Title Insurance & Trust Company, Los Angeles.

CALIFORNIA LANDMARKS. By Jim McClure. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1948. 149 *pp.* $3.

During 1949 and 1950 California is celebrating respectively, the centennial of the Gold Rush and its statehood. In anticipation of the rush of tourists these two events are sup-

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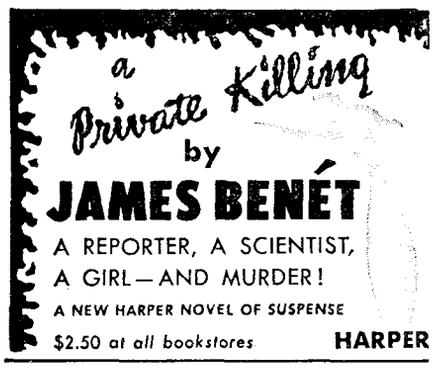
posed to precipitate California publishers have been rushing into print a number of guides of which I presume Mr. McClure's work is one. What he has done is to visit and photograph (as you might suspect from the title) over a hundred of California's landmarks. His findings, in words and pictures, are recorded in this book, which is offered as a companion piece to "Historic Spots in California," an encyclopedia of Californiana. The ancient Wells Fargo office, the piano Jenny Lind used at Mono Lake, the grave of Kit Carson's daughter, all photographed bare and barren of any life, give you an eerie feeling. There are people in California—nine million of them—a thought you perhaps had better keep in mind when you read California Landmarks.



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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 13)

Their story is too much *told* by the writer or by the other characters; they do not speak or think definitively enough for themselves. Had Mr. Bryant created them with the power to lift themselves out of their shadowed lethargy and speak eloquently, their history would be a more important and a more moving one.

Lice

THE SKIN OF DREAMS. By Raymond Queneau. Translated by H. J. Kaplan. New York: New Directions. 1948. 115 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by MARGERY DARRELL

THE chief value of this slight 115-page novel by a contemporary French writer is that it provides a handy compendium of cliches, characters, and familiar devices successfully developed by several modern French writers—Celine, Dabit, and Guilloux—devices used less successfully but well by Sartre and Camus, and in this case badly imitated by Queneau. The hall-marks of this post-Kafka school include a withdrawn and mysteriously embittered protagonist, a ready preoccupation with filth and decomposition and frequently the choice of a species of decay as a symbol, a penchant for loveless sexual relations and bizarre detail, and the eager cultivation of an off-hand style.

Queneau's protagonist, like Sartre's Mathieu in "The Age of Reason," is very busy at being "absolutely nothing," and steadfastly refuses to endear himself to his readers, either as a villain or hero. He does nevertheless project himself as a fellow who must be reckoned with, since he has a certain malignant cleverness which enables him to inconvenience everyone. A young man with a head full of ambitious dreams, he sets himself to developing giant lice (a whim of the author's), deserts a wife and child for an actress, never writes his aged parents, starves in Paris in an exaggerated ascetic vogue, and finally makes all his dreams come true as a matinee idol in Hollywood. He is not a man to be taken seriously, by the author or the reader, and yet there is nothing in him that is amusing or meaningful. On this crucial point he has completely lost touch with his celebrated models, who all represented an attitude or an idea. This failing is the book's fatal weakness.

The technique used in this novel is inversely determined by the dramatic pattern of the story: when the plot reaches a peak, the style hits an undramatic low. The game is to maintain the greatest possible distance between the style and the plot—in an effort to avoid banality. The story

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SHADOW OF AN ALIBI *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Salesman called off on wild-goose chase returns to find wife slain and himself chief suspect. Dr. Priestly settles *that.*	Typical Rhodesian exercise in deduction—this time with slightly more pungency than usual—due possibly to factual basis of "perfect crime."	Solid British
TROUBLE IN TRIPLICATE *Rex Stout* (Viking: $2.50)	Nero Wolfe and his ineffable henchman Archie perform through three "novellas" of crime and caustic conversation.	First appearance in book form of tales that have even more pungency and punch than recent book-length adventures of precious Manhattan duo.	Very good
THE CASE OF THE PLATINUM BLONDE *Christopher Bush* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Ludovic Travers engages in provocative palaver with bearded British religious crank, later finds him murdered, and refers matters to Supt. Wharton.	Two murders—and three deaths—satisfactorily elucidated by ailing amateur, with finish that packs really unusual surprise.	Best British Brand

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opens, for example, on a scene in which the principal male figure has a fit, and there are hurried injections of morphine while two fourteen-year-old girls drink pernod on the sly. The episode has no real importance to the story but contains as much violence and excited writing as any other passage in the book.

By contrast, a sentimental moment which sees the renegade father leaning over the crib to kiss his sleeping child goodbye, is brought smartly down to earth when the father observes that the child smells bad. Occasionally, this technique gains amusing special effects, but they are not lasting enough to carry the book. The humor to be found is accidentally achieved in the strenuous effort to avoid sentiment, an effort which characterizes many novels better than this one. Such enthusiastic renunciation only brings the reader around to the idea that the sentiment has considerable importance if it must be so loudly denied.

In better novels this technique has been used adroitly to show that the events which seem important are not the important ones, that the emphasis belongs elsewhere. In "The Skin of Dreams" the emphasis cannot come to rest anywhere; it drifts tiredly around from place to place and finally settles in a haze over unimportant events which have been treated portentously. No one has any explanation for the haze. Mr. Queneau would not have you accept obvious meanings, but there are no others: "The Skin of Dreams" is hollow.

Facts

By David Morton

I will set down,
In ink, on white paper,
The fact of your brown
Bent head, and the taper
Your face was, the flame
In the dark of the world
On the night I came.

I will record
Of your speech, the low-spoken,
The half-slumbrous word,
The half-laughter, the token
Of woman and elf,
In the dark of the world,
The sound of yourself.

I will make rhyme
Of lovers together,
And let the words climb
Up the trellis—but tether
The root to the ground,
To the dark of the world,
To the night you were found.

Fiction Notes

UNCLE DYNAMITE, by P. G. Wodehouse. Didier. $2.95. Wodehouse is himself again and all's right in his particular world. Marked by chaos, peopled with pranksters, fraught with explosive and utterly senseless events, this remains a world to relish. Joy, unconfined as to class, age, or sex, abides. That the sphere stays unswervingly British only adds to the zest. This parody potpourri is unquestionably a laughing matter. The plot may defy probing and the comedy may rely more on corn than on wit. Still the result is great good fun. It is warming to welcome once more these addlepated lords and ladies, these happy chambermaids, superbly sneering butlers, and gloriously bungling bobbies.

* * *

THUNDER ON THE RIVER, by Charlton Laird. Little, Brown. $2.75. Historically-minded Mr. Laird gives us life on the Mississippi in the days of Black Hawk and his warriors. Gory, primitive, rugged, and fiercely sudden; hardly for the lily-livered. Nights hideous with raids, rapes, and scalpings, days laden with labor, apprehension, and sheer physical challenge mark the white man's struggle for possession. Adopted by the Sauk tribe, prisoner-of-war Mark Eldridge relinquishes his former love, marries an Indian maiden palpably eager to please, and, while not ready to embrace, is willing to condone the customs of the tribe. Crude, intimate, somewhat offensive, these mores are only matched by their menus. A savory roast dog, a hairy stew, or a fistful of lice seems to satisfy the redskin.

Tough Americana, straight shooting, well documented, and dramatically detailed, this makes for rousing reading.

* * *

QUEEN STREET STORY. By Anne Paterson. Doubleday. $2.75. For those, and they must be legion, whose interest in medical matters is unceasing this novel is just the ticket. The supply of the same will never outstrip the demand. The whole story will never be told. Miss Paterson records the struggle of a young doctor in Philadelphia during the latter part of the last century. A general practitioner, deeply concerned with his sick, always ready to aid the needy, open to progressive ideas, determined to experiment, he finally wins his individual battle over ignorance. On the domestic front physical passion conflicts with understanding love, as two

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ladies vie for the physician's favors. Fortunately, that combat, too, is virtuously resolved.

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* * *

THE GOLDEN SALAMANDER, by Victor Canning. M. S. Mill Co. $3. Dirty work in a remote coastal African outpost. Arabs, French, and English mingle under a glaring sun in superficial, unquestioned accord. It takes a professor, come in search of a collection of rare Etruscan treasures, to unearth a ring of gun-runners, tracking down murder and thwarting the evildoers with a last-minute adroitness beyond Houdini's wildest dreams. Knives flash, muskets volley, flames lick fortresses of malevolence, while the dregs peculiar to this locale ply their crafty trades.

Intermittently exciting but too exaggerated for big-league material.

* * *

HEAVEN FACES WEST, by Miriam Young. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. There's a handy adage for almost every aspect of "Heaven Faces West." All homespun, all genuine, all eminently moral and, what is more, all indisputably true. Marriage is what the woman makes it; no man is perfect; and life is given to be lived joyfully. Lucinda Bonner, after one thwarted marriage with a self-appointed evangelist, arrives at a state of bliss with her second, thoroughly physical, sinless husband. Except for a fire and one or two family weddings, not much else occurs.

The scene is laid in late-nineteenth-century California, where the Bonner brood, unto the third generation, infests the land with pioneer blood, laughter, good food, drink, horse-racing, and fundamental goodness. Their house may bend at the seams but it will remain determinedly and routinely happy, no matter how dull. It will always be Christmas with these

* * *

THIS IS MY SON. By Clarence Buddington Kelland. Harper. $2.75. Mr. Kelland, with his perennial ease, now tells how Mike Strawn, New York tycoon, fearless extrovert, and thoroughgoing man's man, succeeds in toughening his anemic, academic son. A ticket to Arizona does the trick. The West, made wild by fugitive Eastern gangs involved in lottery rackets, marijuana rings, and murder, almost immediately infuses the culture-ridden youth with red blood. The tome gives way to the trigger, stacks to stealth, and meditation to muscle. Love comes too in the pleasing shape of a congenitally cultivated student bent on the study of organized crime. Father happily happens to be in at the kill, proud of his Ph.D. hombre, convinced the result was well worth the risk of possible death.

Larded with slang, laced with cactus, and basted with conjecture, this is indeed a fit dish for any self-respecting "Western" palate.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

Ensnare the Clouds

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

IT WAS so still that hour I could see
the morning-glories in the ripened oats
like cool shells gleaming; running down the fields
I found the air pinked with small butterflies
and at the pond's edge there was only silence,
no smallest lap of ripples, no bird calling
but silent clouds were floating down the sky
and waterlilies floated in the cove
and I, I swam in whitest cloud reflections
through air that smelled of motionless waterlilies.
Once some slight breeze blew a sphered thistledown
along the surface and young desmoiselles
in sapphire armor rose from lily pads
to charge the intruder, but the flying thing
unliving, insubstantial, baffled them
and lightly took its wayward course. I followed
and so came to the shore; a green frog watched me
put on my shoes, I sitting on a boulder,
he sitting in the pond his fingers resting
upon its edge, his golden eyes upon me.
The ocean has its waves, its shells and sea weeds
but ponds have waterlilies, ponds ensnare the clouds.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
MUSIC WITH PIANO		
BEETHOVEN, SONATA #3 IN A FOR CELLO AND PIANO, OP. 69. Pierre Fournier, Artur Schnabel. RCA Victor DM 1231 (3)	Excellent balance—actually favors piano over cello. (Not surprising with Schnabel playing!) On wide-range machines hiss will intrude some.	One of the smoother mature works (2nd period), easily relaxed, melodic. Super performance and easy listening.
STRAVINSKY, CONCERTO FOR TWO PIANOS (ALONE). 1935. Appleton and Field. Vox 634 (3)	First-rate two-piano recording, with big resonant tone, clarity of detail. Hiss intrudes some in softer parts, but it's smooth. (Dynamic noise suppressor works well on this type record.)	A most important work, large scale, involved, driving. Highly original in pianistic technique, semi-*concertante* in style, the two pianos used as one. Enormously complex, crystal-clear writing, not unhumorous. Plenty of rhythm. Worth a lot of study.
RACHMANINOFF, RHAPSODY ON A THEME OF PAGANINI. 1935. Artur Rubinstein; Philharmonia Orch., Susskind. RCA VICTOR DM 1269 (3)	More of the high quality Philharmonia recording, wonderfully natural—but the piano is the outstanding feature here. Again—how do they do it in Europe?	Somewhat over-ripe, yet highly organized late Rachmaninoff. Better check R.'s own recording and one by Moiseiwitch, both Victor; this one is tops technically, at least.
QUARTETS FROM CONCERT HALL SOCIETY		
SCHUMAN, QUARTET #3. 1939. Gordon Quartet. Concert Hall AB (3 *pl.*)	These three, pre-ban. have similar technical qualities. High-highs not strong; evidently a peak in low highs. Very weak bass (high turnover?). Bass compensation improves it. This type recording well suited to boomy home console RS, not so good for wide-range outfits, though compensation can help a lot in the playing.	The Schuman is solidly, chordally dissonant, in spite of much counterpoint; a persistent, sincere, dogmatic work, somewhat gauche in expression. Randall Thompson's quartet is skilfully modal (à la V. Williams), good humored, a bit slick, often juicily melodious, undissonant. Contrast!
THOMPSON, QUARTET IN D MINOR. 1941. Guilet Quartet. Concert Hall C3 (3 *pl.*)		
DVORAK, QUARTET IN C MAJOR, OP. 61. Gordon Quartet. Concert Hall B12 (4 *pl.*)		The Dvorak is his very best music; beautifully melodious string writing. Hard to believe this is a first recording. The Mendelssohn, composed at 14, is astonishing tour de force, elfin as always, more daring than later works, a delight, if sometimes conventional.
MENDELSSOHN, PIANO QUARTET IN F MINOR, OP. 2. Artur Balsam, members Guilet Quartet. Concert Hall C1 (3 *pl.*) (*Thompson, Dvorak, Mendelssohn above in limited edition.*)	Excellent, sharp strings, fine balance with piano. Strings closer than piano. Better job technically than string quartets above.	
LP REISSUES OF SPECIAL INTEREST		
BEETHOVEN, QUARTET IN C SHARP MINOR, OP. 131. Budapest Quartet. Columbia LP: ML 4108 (1)	Splendid example of improvement possible in new LP copies from original 16″ masters; noticeably wider tonal range here than in original 78 rpm pressings of years ago. More presence, realism.	A very great recording, some years back; now the 7 continuous mvts. play continuously—a priceless musical advantage. Add this to technical improvement (see left), and take due notice!
RAVEL, LE TOMBEAU DE COUPERIN; MILHAUD, LE BOEUF SUR LE TOIT. Minneapolis Symphony, Mitropoulos. Columbia LP: ML 2032 (1 10″)	Another old set, beautiful in original pressings but minus highs, now shows gratifyingly increased range. Slight treble boost may help. "Boeuf" is much newer, crisper.	The Ravel performance (recently unavailable) has been a special favorite of mine for years; its reincarnation is a delight. An amusing contrast with the bumptious Milhaud.

—Edward Tatnall Canby.

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the Phoenix Nest

DEATH OF A MAN

LET the four-foot candles drip
And a woman scream: "Don't take him away!"
Slip him into a hole in the wall
And seal the opening.
His discarnated spirit moves along strange shores
Where the not unusual dinosaurs
Sleep beneath palm trees
And buffaloes are new comers.

Tomorrow a new day will begin.
The milkman will stop along your street,
The New York skyline will rise above the Hudson,
Alley cats will give birth to kittens,
And the four-foot candles
Will be cut to three-foot size for a cheaper funeral.

—ROSA ZAGNONI MARONONI.

* * *

I am delighted to print the following interesting letter from Katherine Garrison Chapin (Mrs. Francis Biddle), American poet and playwright:

It seems a long time since I saw a copy of the *SRL* or the PHOENIX NEST, but I thought you might like to hear a word from a pair of traveling observers who have been wandering in the byways of history, and meeting a few writers *en route*.

Francis Biddle (whose book on foreign policy, "The World's Best Hope," will be out in March) and I are starting home now after seven weeks in Italy, three weeks in Egypt, and a few days in Athens. Italy's air of prosperous recovery may be somewhat unreal, but at least where the sun shines and people are hard at work mending roads and bridges, building and farming, one gets a sense of vitality. Venice was cold, but glowing in the sun of late October; Florence amazingly beautiful in spite of her ruined bridges, and Rome imperial and serene as ever. In Florence we met the young American Rhodes scholar poet William Jay Smith and his wife, Barbara Howes, who, escaping the discomfort of Oxford, are living in a charming house at the village of Piau di Giulari—where the Medici once housed their jesters. One day we drove to Montegulfone to see the romantic crumbling castle, but the Sitwells were off on their conquest of the USA. A week end with Bernard Berenson at Settingnano gave us a charming combination of good talks and exquisite pictures. The great art critic cannot abide anything painted since the "quattrocento," but the fine library has many modern writers, and I found Peter Viereck's "Terror and Decorum" on the table. There was talk of Edith Wharton, Geoffrey Scott, Percy Lubbock—whom we just missed—Bertrand Russell, and Santayana, with whom Francis had had a good visit in his Roman cloister. J. B. Priestley and his pretty wife came to tea, rejoicing as all Britishers do in the chance of a brief Italian holiday, sunshine and good, unrationed food.

From La Foce in Chianciano, while staying with Iris Origo, who wrote the unpretentious and moving diary "War in the Val d'Orcia," we explored the small towns of Tuscany and Umbria: Perugia, Assisi, Orvieto, Siena, and San Gimignano—where Dante came as ambassador from Florence. In the spring Scribner's will publish Iris Origo's new book, Byron's newly found letters to Teresa Guiccioli.

Contemporary Italian writers are having voice in a new quarterly called *Botteghe Oscure*, which aspires to become international in a quiet way. The first number was in Italian, but the second—due in January—will have a large selection of English and American poetry, new unpublished verse by Auden, Cummings, Léonie Adams, Karl Shapiro, and many others. The title translated literally is "the hidden shops" but in Rome it has a provocative meaning, being the street both of the ancient Palazzo Caetani and of the headquarters of the Communist Party. You can take your choice! We met several of the Italian contributors, Basani, Petroni (whom the editor feels has more talent than Giuseppe Berto of "The Sky Is Red"), and of course Ignazio Silone, who may come to America in the spring. Italy's "recovery vitality" is reflected also in her literary interest and great curiosity about American writing. Through the summer the movie makers have descended upon her, and appear to remain. Before that particular importation of American culture gets entrenched it seems important that other voices are heard.

Orson Welles, Tyrone Power, and their crews, were swarming over Siena and Florence filming "The Prince of Foxes" (which we discovered no one, not even Americans, in Italy has read). They had wisely captured the interest of the people and persuaded ladies of the nobility to appear as their ancestors, in crowd scenes, and donated their fine salaries to a fund to rebuild the famous bridge of Santa Trinita in Florence.

Athens, cold under snow and rain clouds, was bare and grim in her war-ravaged condition, but nothing could dim the impressiveness of the honey-colored beauty of the Acropolis, and Eleusis under a mild north wind, which tore up the bay of Salamis, was weird and dramatic. There was something dramatic, too, about hearing of Sir Arnold Toynbee speaking in the British Council about the spiritual and philosophic patterns of history, with the guerrilla warfare so near, the future of Greece so uncertain, and his only light a kerosene carriage lamp, as the electricity had given out.

To fly over the Greek islands of the Aegean and the Mediterranean (after an entire night in a heatless airport) to cross the brown desert into the sunny green of the Nile delta, was a fascinating experience. We touched many angles of the complicated and baffling problems of modern Egypt, but spent most of our time with the help of delightful French, Egyptian, and American Egyptologists in that amazing record of the mind and spirit of man of 3,000 years before Christ: Gizeh, Sahkara, Assouan, Luxor, Karnak, Thebes under the winter desert sky; and the majesty of architecture, the vigor and delicacy of paintings and bas-reliefs, the fascination of the mythology really opened a new world which we hated to leave.

I did not have a chance, or the language, to find out much about the Arabic speaking poets of today, so all I can bring the PHOENIX NEST is a hieroglyphic wish from a stele of about 1600 B. C.

> Ho ye living ones upon earth who shall pass by this stone, who love life and hate death . . . you shall pass on your office to your son if you give offerings which come forth at the voice: loaves, beer, oxen, birds, clothing, ointment, incense, and a sweet breeze from the North; every good and pure thing which Heaven gives, the Earth creates and the Nile brings, and on which a God lives. [Or a poet?]

* * *

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—DANNY J. SEIFER.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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2-19

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 778

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

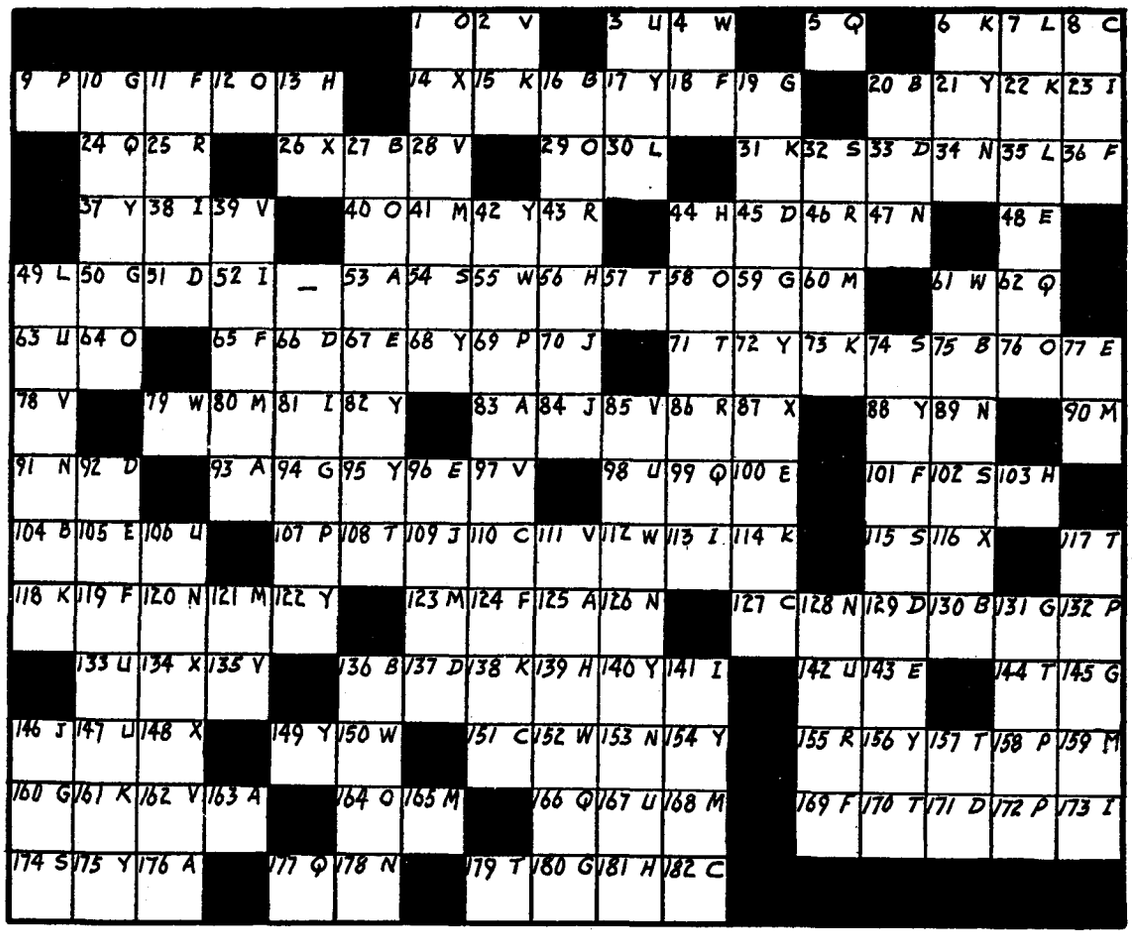
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Furrowed.	53 93 83 125 176 163
B. Choral composition for solos, choruses, etc., arranged in a somewhat dramatic manner (music).	136 104 130 16 27 20 75
C. Throngs.	182 8 127 151 110
D. The small amount a person can afford to give to an object (2 wds.).	137 33 45 51 171 66 92 129
E. A rope fastened to the cringle of a sail, esp. a jib to haul it in (naut.).	77 100 96 143 48 105 67
F. One of the Fates (Gr. myth.).	119 11 169 65 18 36 124 101
G. Persevering.	50 160 10 180 19 145 59 94 131
H. English sculptor (1888-; brass head of Osbert Sitwell, etc.).	13 56 44 181 139 103
I. A faithful friend ("The Aeneid").	81 113 52 38 23 173 141
J. A natural park, Canada valley, E. Br. Columbia.	70 109 84 146
K. Leader of the Italian Communists.	6 73 31 138 15 22 161 114 118
L. To hector; bully.	7 35 49 30
M. At any and all times.	168 41 121 60 165 123 80 159 90
N. Swords with broad blades, slightly curved (Middle Ages).	178 153 120 128 126 34 91 47 89
O. Last name of hero in title of grand opera by Deems Taylor, based on a novel by George du Maurier.	1 164 76 40 58 64 29 12
P. Assumes a drooping, clumsy posture or carriage.	132 69 9 172 107 158
Q. English statesman, Queen Elizabeth's time, known as "the Dancing Chancellor."	99 5 166 62 177 24
R. American lawyer and politician, Sec'y of Commerce, 1933-38.	86 25 155 46 43
S. A place of nether darkness on the way to Hades (Gr. myth.).	32 174 54 74 102 115
T. Tenders (noun or verb).	71 57 170 117 179 157 108 144
U. A nymph beloved of Boreas; mother of Calais and Zetes (Gr. myth.).	142 147 3 98 167 106 63 133
V. Recurrent tones, sounds, phrases.	97 85 111 78 2 162 28 135 39
W. Greek poet of 6th cent. B. C., reputed founder of Greek tragic drama.	79 152 112 150 55 61 4
X. One whose name is so prominently connected with anything as to be a figurative designation of it.	87 14 116 134 148 26
Y. King of England, 1483-85, killed on Bosworth Field.	156 88 175 68 149 72 95 82 37
	42 154 21 17 140 122

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



FEBRUARY 19, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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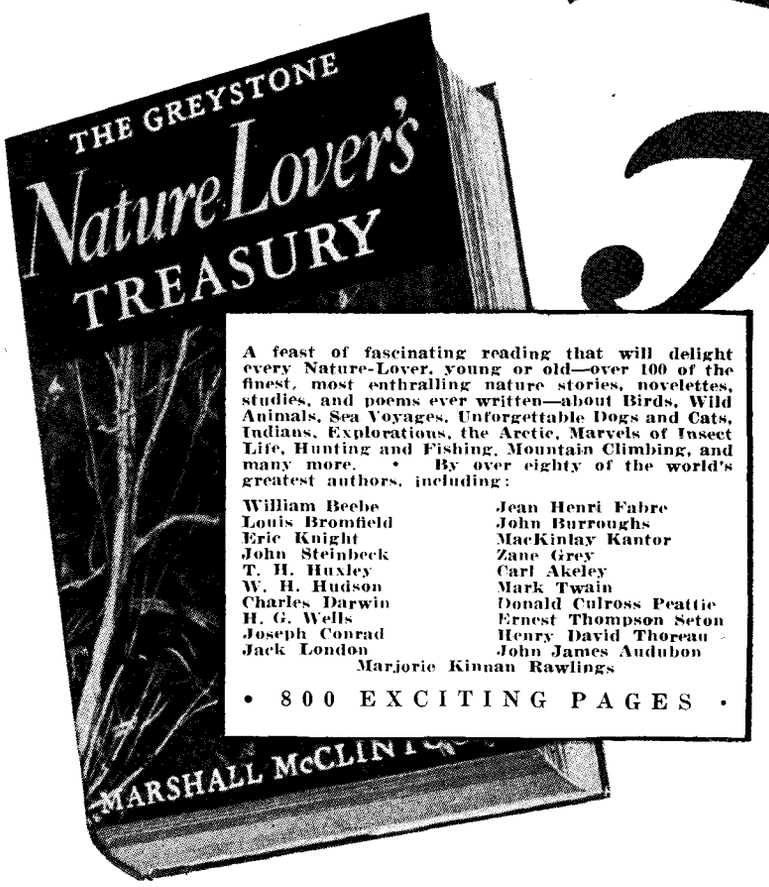

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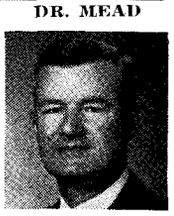

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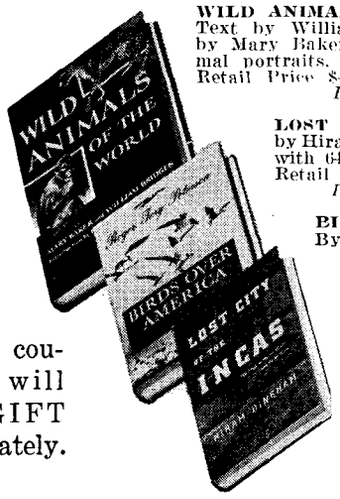

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